

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 5, 1979 \$1.25

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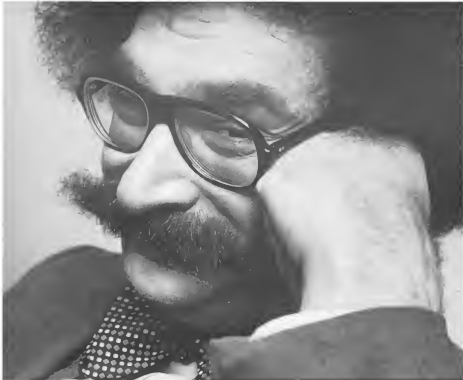
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The paintings of spring training scenes on our cover and pages 38-45 represent artist Walt Spitzmiller's second cover story in barely six months. He also did the illustrations for the first part of the series on brutality in football (SI, Aug. 14), and his work appeared in the magazine on 16 earlier occasions. "I can still hardly believe it," the 34-year-old Spitzmiller says. "When I was studying art at St. Louis Junior College, one of my favorite teachers and I used to sit around and fantasize about being assigned to do something for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**."

Spitzmiller's fantasy became reality in 1975. "The first story I did for SI was also about baseball, about Fenway Park. My wife Connie and I drove all over Boston and we couldn't find the place. Finally we got a cab driver to lead us to it. When he pulled up beside what appeared to be an industrial building and said, 'This is it,' I still couldn't see it. 'Where?' I asked. I knew Fenway was old and small, but somehow I had in mind the huge monoliths they build nowadays. Once I got inside, I found it exquisite. My only regret is that I failed to shoot a photograph of Tom Yawkey playing pepper with the equipment manager. I didn't realize how few visitors ever saw him down on the field,

even though he played pepper almost every day."

Spitzmiller experienced no difficulty locating the Florida training camps for this week's art. "I spent six days on the west coast of Florida and visited six camps, doing research, sketching and taking photographs. It was a real thrill for me to walk into the Cardinal locker room and meet Lou Brock. When I was a boy in St. Louis, he was my hero."

Spitzmiller was an athlete himself in those days, playing high school baseball (his coach was a former minor league player who leaved his fines in Hershey bars) and football. After graduation he attended a summer football camp at Northeast Missouri State College, with intentions of enrolling "Ken Norton, the boxer, played football there," Spitzmiller says. "I lasted only two weeks before deciding that this wasn't what I wanted, so I bought a bus ticket home."

What Spitzmiller did want, he realized, was to be an artist. As a youngster he had sat before the TV set on Saturday mornings, art kit at the ready, staring at the test pattern until the start of Jon Ginagy's art instructional program for children. Spitzmiller had no formal training, however, until he enrolled at St. Louis Junior College. He later won a scholarship to St. Louis' Washington University, graduating with honors in fine arts in 1969. He taught art and free-lanced until 1974, when he moved to Connecticut, where he now lives with Connie, their daughter Jill, 12, and son Bart, who is now seven months old.

Spitzmiller has no regrets about having given up football. "Working on an NFL story one time, I was down on the field and heard those thundering feet and the crashes and groans," he says. "I was very glad to be earning a living with a pencil and a sketchbook."



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Walt Spitzmiller

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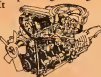
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

WILLIAM VS. MARY

William and Mary, which is located in storied Williamsburg, Va. and is the nation's second oldest college after Harvard, is embroiled in a dispute over plans to raise \$4 million from private donors to enlarge the capacity of its football stadium, Cary Field, from 15,500 to 30,000.

Because Cary Field is so small, William and Mary has been playing opponents such as Villanova, Virginia Tech and Navy on the road while fleshing out its home schedule with the likes of James Madison University. The school's ruling Board of Visitors reckons that by enlarging Cary Field, William and Mary can upgrade its schedule, play worthy opponents at home as well as away and reap the prestige and financial benefits that big-time football sometimes bestows.

Most William and Mary students and faculty members oppose enlarging the stadium. They argue that football muscle-flexing is out of place in sedate Williamsburg and that the money in question could be better applied to faculty salaries. Last month 3,000 of William and Mary's 4,500 undergraduates protested by boycotting a day's classes and there have been two demonstrations since then. The faculty has voted its overwhelming disapproval of the plan. Nevertheless, the school is sticking to its guns.

In disregarding the wishes of students, the Board of Visitors has yet to satisfactorily answer the fundamental question: For whose benefit is college football being played? Also, the board may not fully appreciate that bigger stadiums put a premium on winning: playing .500 football in recent years, William and Mary has had trouble filling even 15,500 seats.

On the other hand, by asking that the money be used for higher faculty salaries, the administration's opponents are engaging in wishful thinking. The New York Times piously editorialized last week that "it's only right" that the \$4 million be put to academic purposes, adding, "Williamsburg is a restoration town—and there's nothing more in need

of restoration than the purpose of higher education." But it is naive to assume that those who donate large sums for football would also be eager to contribute to faculty salaries, however worthy that cause may be. At the same time, the assumption that academic excellence and big-time sports are mutually exclusive ignores schools that have successfully combined the two—Michigan and Stanford, for example.

YANKEE DOODLE BOY

At the turn of the century Tod Sloan, the renowned American jockey, packed his tack and went to ride in England. Sloan took along 10 steamer trunks, a valet and a secretary and grandly listed himself on programs as J. Todhunter Sloan. He won 21 of his first 48 races and inspired George M. Cohan's Broadway musical about horse racing, *Little Johnny Jones*. Out of that show came the songs *Give My Regards to Broadway* and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, which includes the lyric, "Yankee Doodle came to London just to ride the ponies."

Now Steve Cauthen is going to London, too. Cauthen, who guided Affirmed to the Triple Crown in 1978, announced last week that next month he will begin riding under exclusive contract to British owner Robert Sangster, who has had the leading stable in England the past two years and has also enjoyed considerable racing success in France. Cauthen denies that the timing of the move had anything to do with his recent slump, during which he lost 110 straight races and was removed from Affirmed in favor of Luffit Pincus Jr. "I'm going because I got a terrific offer," Cauthen says. "It's a good chance for me to gain experience and travel the world, to see what Europe's like."

Europe should be just fine. Races there are generally longer than those in the U.S. and Cauthen excels at rating his mounts. Another nice thing about Europe is that purses for major races tend to be larger. Cauthen reportedly will receive the usu-

al 10% of all winnings plus \$400,000 and incentive bonuses. During the seven months that the contract will run, the 18-year-old jockey could earn \$1 million. Just to ride the ponies.

PREVAILING ATTITUDE

The hooliganism that Boston Bruin General Manager Harry Sinden condemns in his critique of the NHL, starting on page 20, continued unabated last week. In Detroit the Red Wings were mugged so shamelessly by the once-proud Toronto Maple Leafs that NHL President John Ziegler was forced to admit, "It wasn't a game anyone could be proud of." Two days later the St. Louis Blues' Steve Durban swung a stick at the New York Rangers' Nick Fotiu, touching off a brawl that ended with Fotiu trying to get at Durban in the visitors' locker room at Madison Square Garden.

Like several other NHL players, Durban is in the league more for his fighting ability than for any discernible hockey skills; in six on-and-off seasons as an NHL spot player, Durban has scored just 12 goals but has averaged more than five minutes a game in penalties. For trying to bean Fotiu with a hockey stick, Durban drew a mere five-game suspension from Ziegler. By contrast, NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien suspended Kermit Washington for 29 games last season for throwing a punch. The score was 3-3 when Durban brandished his stick, after which the riled-up Rangers went on to win 7-3. Emile Francis, the Blues' president and general manager, was later asked if he condoned the fact that his player had swung a stick at an opponent. Francis' unfortunate reply seems to sum up the prevailing attitude in the NHL toward violence: "Not when the score is 3-3."

DISMANTLING ASSETS

After bucking poor attendance during the team's inaugural season, owners of the Oakland Stompers last week sold 80% of the North American Soccer League franchise to Edmonton entrepreneur Peter Pocklington, who immediately transferred the club to that Canadian city. Among assets that weren't covered in the deal were the tape recordings of crowd noises that the Stompers management played over the Oakland Coliseum's public-address system to simulate fan enthusiasm. That practice, a milestone in the history of hype, was discontinued when

continued

real live fans complained. Stomper officials say they don't know what became of the tapes.

MADE NO, BRUT YES

Britain's predominantly male soccer crowds have been behaving a bit more decorously lately, thanks partly to a crackdown on rowdiness by police and the courts. In Northumbria two men were arrested for chanting obscenely during a game between Newcastle United and Oldham and were fined £250 (about \$500) each. In Birmingham two men attending a game were fined £500 each, one for spitting at a policeman, the other for spitting at rival fans. Team officials have been getting tough, too. For

holding down attendance—and, no doubt, emotions—at others. If Dr. Tom Clark, an anesthesiologist at Guy's Hospital in London, is to be believed, rowdiness may flare up anew with the return of better weather and bigger crowds. Noting that male odors in animals can attract females and repel other males, Clark suggests that fighting at soccer games is often caused by something that police probably can't do much about—namely, "too much male smell acting subconsciously on the male crowds."

THE BEST

Howard Schenken, who died last week at the age of 75, was widely regarded as the greatest bridge player in the world, as the following, perhaps apocryphal, exchange between two tournament players attests:

"If you had to play a match for your life, whom would you choose as a partner?"

"Howard Schenken."

"And if Schenken weren't available?"

"I'd wait until he was."

TEARS FOR TWO

In Philip Roth's 1959 novel *Goodbye, Columbus*, Ron Patinkin splashed up to his sister Brenda in a swimming pool and said excitedly, "The Yankees took two." Since then the chances of the Yankees—or anybody else—taking two have diminished. In 1959 the major leagues had 16 teams and 87 scheduled doubleheaders. There are now 26 teams and slightly longer schedules (162 games vs. 154), yet only 63 doubleheaders are on tap for the upcoming season. Although rainouts could increase the total, the trend is clearly away from good old bargain-day twin bills.

One might assume that the only reason doubleheaders are in decline is the natural desire of clubs to schedule as many separate admissions as possible. But California Angel Vice-President Buzzy Bivasi says that increased concession sales make doubleheaders almost as profitable as two separate admissions. He and other front-office men insist that the main consideration is that doubleheaders put too much strain on players. That explanation would have appalled Iron Man Joe McGinnity, who pitched and won both ends of a doubleheader three times in a single month in 1903, but today's ballplayers are a different breed. Tommy John, the ex-Dodger now with Ron Patinkin's be-

loved Yankees, says, "Doubleheaders make for a long, long day. And they tear down pitching staffs."

INTELLECTUAL INQUIRY

There are few offensive systems in college football more mystifying than the one devised by Harvard Coach Joe Ristic. Based on the idea that a lot of movement is the best way to disrupt a defense, Ristic's entertaining but abstruse "multiflex" attack involves a seemingly endless variety of formations, including such novelties as men dropping on and off the line before the snap and quarterbacks going into motion. Ristic needn't worry about his playbook falling into unfriendly hands: the thieves wouldn't grasp what they were looking at, anyway.

In view of all this, Ivy League rivals might be advised to monitor a course at Harvard taught by Larry Brown, Ristic's quarterback the past two seasons. Brown, a senior who majors in government and is interested in a teaching career, received permission to organize and teach a half-credit "non-catalog" course entitled *Fundamentals of the Multiflex*. The course attracted 20 students, among them seven coeds and Brown's teammate Dan Binning, who attend a weekly two-hour class that consists of lectures by Brown and the showing of game films. Ristic, who is frequently rumored to be in line for NFL coaching jobs, has given Professor Touchdown, as Brown is now called, technical guidance.

Some Harvard administrators and faculty members have grumbled about the course, apparently finding football an unworthy subject of intellectual inquiry. Brown replies pointedly, "This is a better course than some they're giving around here." As for Binning, a senior defensive end, he says he is taking the course to find out what the offense was doing these past four years.

THEY SAID IT

• Rod Hundley, telecaster, recalling how he signed as a first-round NBA draft choice in 1957 for a \$10,000 salary and no bonus: "Every time I see my mother I say, 'Why didn't you wait?'"

• Darrell Griffith, Louisville basketball star, about the No. 11 worn by '73 Soviet Center Vladimir Katchenko before the Cardinals lost to the U.S.S.R. National Team 91-76 on Sunday: "It looks like a pair of expressways running down his shirt."

END



example, the Nottingham Forest club has begun printing full details of soccer-related convictions, including names and addresses, in the official program.

The most startling action was taken after police saw a fan toss an object into a crowd in Birmingham. It turned out to be only a peanut, but Magistrate Clyde Riley fined 18-year-old Ricky Wilson £400. "It doesn't matter what the missile was," Riley said. "It doesn't have to be something heavy to cause injury or start a fight."

But antisocial tendencies may not be all that easy to root out. Another likely reason for the improvement in crowd behavior is that this has been an unusually cold and snowy winter in England, causing postponement of some games and

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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 5, 1979

THE TIGERS ARE ROARIN'





After LSU's best player, Rudy Macklin, was hurt, DeWayne Scelax (left) came on to average 19.6 points and Lionel Green took over chores under the basket

Basketball has usually been bad ball at LSU ever since Bob Pettit left. Now, with Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, bayou fans have had a ball watching the Tigers claw to the top of the SEC
by LARRY KEITH

CONTINUED

After seven years of nonstop salesmanship, LSU Coach Dale Brown has quit talking and started cooking. And for hungry basketball fans in Baton Rouge the taste of success is better than a creole banquet at Ralph & Kacoo's.

Louisiana State beat Alabama 86-66 last Thursday to run its record to 22-3, clinch the SEC regular-season championship and become the top seed in the league's inaugural tournament next week in Birmingham.

It has been 25 years since LSU last slugged its way out of the basketball bayous. In 1953 and '54 Bob Pettit, now a New Orleans bank executive, led the Tigers to one outright SEC title, one co-championship and two NCAA appearances. In the seasons since, the highlights have been few and the disappointments many—one trip to the NIT in 1970 (with Pete Maravich's sagging socks) and only four winning records in conference play.

Now the Tigers have their best team ever and, according to the polls, one of the five best in the country. This in itself is a notable achievement, but the fact that it was accomplished almost entirely

without LSU's best player in the lineup is amazing.

While the Tigers were playing Mississippi a couple of weeks ago, Rudy Macklin was sitting on the bench in street clothes, snapping pictures with a Polaroid camera. Macklin, a 6' 7" junior forward, averaged 19 points and 10.6 rebounds last year, but after the first two games this season, in which he had 46 points and 24 rebounds, he broke his left foot in practice and has not played since.

"When Rudy first got hurt I developed a Joan of Arc complex," says Brown. "I felt like a martyr. I had expected an outstanding season, but without Rudy I was worried." Instead of collapsing, the Tigers rose to meet the challenge. "We knew we'd all have to play harder, and after a few weeks we just forgot about him," says sophomore Forward DeWayne Scales, who has emerged as the new star at Louisiana State. Sophomore Guard Ethan Martin adds, "We didn't know what we were capable of doing, but we wanted to prove to ourselves and everybody else that we could win without Rudy. Now we've learned

we can play ball as well as he can."

As it turned out, the person who had the hardest adjustment to make was Macklin. "It's been tough," he says. "You never realize how much you love the game until you are unable to play. All I can think about is that I'm alone and not doing anything. That's why I'm studying three hours a day and, after that, playing cards or chess with the guys. I've got to keep my mind off not playing."

LSU has become so good without Macklin that it boggles the mind to think how good it would be with him. The Tigers lead the SEC in scoring, winning margin, field-goal percentage and field-goal-percentage defense, and have lately shown they can play effectively at either a fast or slow tempo. "We've become a complete team," says Brown. "We're capable of winning it all this year. But we're also out there having fun, too. The players haven't shown an ounce of pressure."

The Tigers have succeeded by accepting and executing roles as sharply defined as the tasks on an assembly line. Oddly, the main roles are the reverse of what one might expect, with the 6' 9" Scales handling most of the outside scoring and 6' 2" Guard Al Green taking care of the inside punch. Center Lionel Green rebounds, Forward Greg Cook knocks bodies around, guards Ethan Martin and Willie Sims take turns steering the offense, and Jordy Hultberg comes off the bench to fling line-drive jumpers at the basket. Two weeks ago, as the Tigers swept Auburn and Mississippi, Hultberg shot 17 for 21.

Had Macklin been available, LSU's unique Mr. Inside-Mr. Outside combination of Scales and Al Green might never have developed. Scales likes to set up low and then dart out to the top of the lane where he can receive a pass and fire his arching jumper. He is scoring 19.6 points a game on devastating 57.6% long-range shooting. Green goes down low and stays there, sneaking around with sly moves that produce a bucket or a foul or often both. He is averaging 18.5 points a game on 63% shooting and has made 48 more free throws—a total of 131—than Scales has attempted.

Even though Scales' and Green's playing styles differ widely, both are crowd-pleasing, semareformed showboats. "When I was in high school, people tagged me as being wild and undisciplined," Scales says. "I admit it was

Following a long struggle to get things going, Coach Brown is surrounded by cats who can play



true, because I'd shoot bombers from 40 feet, and when I rebounded, I'd kick my legs and swing my elbows. Coach Brown has made me tone it down."

Not all the way. Scales still dunks ferociously, pats referees on the fanny, smiles to one and all, and even tries to control fan reaction. On the road against Kentucky, which LSU has beaten three straight times, Scales motioned for an entire arena of hostile fans to take their seats. "Twenty-three thousand," he said afterward. "I guess that's a lot of people to tell to sit down, huh?" At home, of course, he tells the spectators to stand up and cheer. "DeWayne is like a bumblebee in a glass jar," says Brown. "If I restricted him too much, it would take away his effectiveness as a player."

Green's effectiveness has been developed during a nomadic career that has taken him from New York playgrounds to five different high school and college teams. This count doesn't include the Bronx high school he attended as a sophomore, because he didn't play hoops there. The stops on Green's See America itinerary have been Harlem (N.Y.) Prep, Maine Central Institute, Arizona Western Junior College, North Carolina State and LSU. Not only is he one of the most traveled college players around, but at 24 he is one of the oldest, too.

Green probably would have gone to LSU right out of high school had he been academically qualified for a major four-year college. And he might have gone there after one All-America season at Arizona Western had the SEC allowed freshman JC transfers. The ACC did, but at North Carolina State Green learned that his style and Coach Norman Sloan's philosophy had little in common. So Green packed his bags a final time and headed for LSU. This union had not been possible when Brown had first recruited Green in high school, but now Brown finally has Green, and Green finally has a home for himself, if only for one season.

"I got psyched out at North Carolina State," Green says. "Coach Sloan just wanted me to pass and play defense and not shoot very much. When he finally put me on the bench my second year, I knew I had to get away. If I had tried to stick it out there, I probably would have quit playing and wound up on the streets back home. I've always wanted to make it in basketball, so I decided to put it all



Al Green, the 6' 2" ball of the unusual Mr. Inside-Mr. Outside duo, likes to duck in close to score.

into one year. I knew I'd have to do well, and the team would have to be good, too. This year has worked out just the way I hoped it would."

The only folks who have had to wait longer for success than Green are LSU fans. When Brown came to the Tigers after being an assistant at Utah State and Washington State, he began a campaign to drum up basketball interest. As in almost every similar effort, he made some big promises—a ball in every basket, and the good times, they're a comin'. Progress was evident in Brown's first year, when the Tigers finished 14-10 and he was named SEC Coach of the Year. But it was not until last season that LSU was able to improve on that start by going 18-9 and having its first winning record in the league since 1971.

No wonder that, after so much frustration, things got a bit out of hand during the clinching victory over Alabama in Baton Rouge. A couple of stems that could not be controlled, at least by the Tide, were Al Green, who made 11 of 15 shots, and Rick Mattick, a seven-foot, 250-pound sub. In 20 minutes Mattick got 10 rebounds, a big reason for LSU's 52-29 advantage on the boards.

Then, with 38 seconds to play and the Tigers ahead 84-66, a huge banner was unfurled from a catwalk high above the floor. It read: SEC BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS 1979, and it seemed a signal for the release of every ounce of frustration in Baton Rouge. As the joint went wild, enraged 'Bama Coach C. M. Newton protested the disruption to the refs, who ordered the game resumed even while cheerleaders danced madly above the court. Not surprisingly, the regular-season final two days later against Mississippi State was such an anticlimax that LSU sustained its fourth loss, 65-57.

"The whole time I've been here, I've known we would eventually have the kind of success we are finally enjoying," Brown says. "But by saying we would be great, I made everyone hungry for it, and I created all my own pressure. When it didn't come in a hurry, I became very depressed that I wasn't getting the job done. I even made a list of all the good things we had accomplished, just so I would know I hadn't been a failure."

Brown can add to his list an SEC title, but he should let Scales and Green hold the trophy and Macklin take the picture.

CANDY WAS DANDY AND LIQUORI WAS QUICKER

... at least swift enough to win his third title at the AAU indoor track and field championships. But it was 16-year-old Candy Young who lit up Madison Square Garden with her dazzling world record in the hurdles by **JOE MARSHALL**

When 16-year-old Canzetta Young, a junior at Beaver Falls (Pa.) High School, came to run last Friday in Madison Square Garden, maybe a handful of diaphanous perusers of agile type recognized her name. To most of the 13,087 fans at the AAU indoor track and field championships she was noteworthy only because she hailed from the same hometown as Joe Namath.

Yet before the long day was out, Young had closed the gap between Short Tenth Avenue in Beaver Falls and Broadway Joe. She lowered the women's world indoor record in the 60-yard hurdles in an afternoon heat, equaled it in winning the finals—both times beating Deby LaPlante, who held the former record of 7.53—cheerily dealt with a mob of reporters and was named the meet's outstanding woman performer.

In proclaiming that award, an enthusiastic P.A. announcer was so swept away he told the crowd, "Cindy might just make you forget Joe Namath." The nickname is Candy. But, whatever, Cindy-Candy Young has come a long way, baby, in almost no time at all.

So has women's track. While the sport's brightest male lights were turning in relatively undistinguished performances, the women were making an all-out assault on the record books. Women's world indoor records also fell to Evelyn Ashford, who won the 60-yard dash in 6.71, Chandra Cheeseborough, who led three women under the automatically timed world standard by winning the 220 in 23.93, and Chris Shea, who became the first woman to walk a mile in less than seven minutes when she crossed the

finish line in 6:58.9. Another record may have been broken by June Griffith of Guyana and New York's Adelphi University in the 440, but the automatic timing gear temporarily went on the blink. Griffith was hand-timed in 54 flat; her world record is 54.04. In fairness to the men, more of them have been competing more frequently far longer than the women, so records are harder to come by. In addition, the 220 and the 440 are rarely contested indoors, by men or women.

On the indoor circuit the AAU championships are about the only meet in which women get any respect. Most of the rest of the meets are run by promoters whose invitations to athletes are based on their ability to lure paying customers. As a rule women don't draw. The exceptions of late have been milers Franck Larrieu and Jan Merrill. They went head to head again at the AAU, with Larrieu barely holding off Merrill in a slow 4:39.2. Just half an hour earlier Merrill had finished second to Julie Brown in a two-mile run despite identical times of 9:46.1.

In the promoters' defense, very few U.S. women are world-class competitors, let alone marquee material. The American women runners didn't win a single medal in an individual event at the 1976 Olympics, and in all track and field the only American woman world-record holder is javelin thrower Kate Schmidt. Unfortunately, at an indoor track meet a thrown javelin would come to rest somewhere in the mezzanine. The result is competitions like San Diego's Jack in the Box Indoor Games two weeks ago where there were almost no jills.



At the AAU meet, on the other hand, the Equal Rights Amendment is already in force. National championships are decided in major indoor events for both men and women. The meet is open to any athlete who has met a qualifying standard. And Filbert Bayi, The Tanzanian world-record holder in the 1,500 has been so out of shape that he has come in last in his three indoor appearances this season. His best time, 4:14.1, didn't approach the AAU qualifying standard of 4:06. Yet over the protests of some officials, he was invited to run in New York as a crowd pleaser. Bayi responded by pleasing no one, including himself, coming in next to last and lowering his best time this season to 4:12.8, well behind Steve Scott's winning 4:01.4.

Bayi was not the only male star to falter. In fact, just two men lived up to their advance billing: hurdler Renaldo Nehemiah and pole vaulter Dan Ripley, both of whom won their events and set meet records. Despite having to bandage his left thigh in the middle of the competition, Ripley jumped 18' 1". Nehemiah won the 60-yard hurdles in 6.94, capping an undefeated indoor season in which he set five world records. While he didn't set a record, 29-year-old Marty Liquori, the former miler who now spe-



Young (right) beat Deby LaPlante in both the trials and the finals with identical 7.50 clockings.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE THESSMAN

Apparently, that training is paying dividends. Ashford is a smooth, graceful runner. On Friday night Pat Connolly thought her pupil had run a slow time because she appeared tight and tense during the race. Her husband disagreed. "It just looks that way because she's using her arms like you've never seen her use them before," he said. That observation was borne out when Ashford's world-record time was announced a few moments later.

Yet despite the encouraging performances of Cheeseborough and Ashford, it is Young who lifted America's 1980 hopes the highest. Young came to the attention of track aficionados a month ago when she upset East Germany's Gudrun Berend-Waken, the world's fourth-ranked woman hurdler, in a 50-meter race in Edmonton, Canada. At age 16, with little hurdling experience or technical training, she now has a world record and a seemingly limitless future.

Young's high school coach, Karlin Ryan, admits that he is learning about hurdling right along with his star. He knows more about football, which he also coaches at Beaver Falls. In his playing days there he backed up Namath at quarterback on the Tigers' 1960 team that went 9-0. The following year, after Namath had graduated, Ryan quarterbacked Beaver Falls to a 10-0 record. "I kid Joe that I won one more game than he did," Ryan says, before adding, "but I'd trade it for some of that money."

To date Young's only real coaching in the fine points of hurdling came during a one-week session at the U.S. Olympic training camp in Colorado Springs last August. Beaver Falls High is not exactly equipped to handle world-class hurdlers. For now the 5' 6", 127-pound Young practices in a tiled hallway just long enough to set up three hurdles. The fourth hurdle is a barrier indeed—a wall. Each spring when the snow finally melts in Beaver Falls and Young gets her first look at a standard 10-hurdle setup, she feels as if she is surveying a marathon course.

Last Friday night she shyly admitted, "I would like to be the Nehemiah of women's hurdles." Five minutes before her winning race, Nehemiah introduced himself and offered a pointer on how to get more speed coming over a hurdle. Nehemiah's interest seemed fitting. The reigning king was paying court to a future queen.

cializes in the 5,000—he holds the American record at that distance—delighted the crowd with a spirited kick in the three-mile run that brought him across the line in 13:14.7 for his third AAU title. On the other hand, Houston McTear, Mark Belger and Franklin Jacobs were all upset. Jacobs, undefeated all year in the high jump, was second to Benn Fields on the basis of fewer misses. Both men cleared 7' 4½". Belger was passed at the tape in the 1,000 by Evans White of Prairie View A&M. As for McTear, he got out of the blocks first in the 60-yard dash, but he suffered a leg cramp near the finish and was overtaken by Steve Riddick. Later in the evening Riddick threw a blistering 220 (21.7) into the middle of a 1,180-yard sprint medley relay to help the Philadelphia Pioneers set a world record of 2:02.7, and win the men's team trophy.

Cheeseborough was no less effective in helping her team, the Tennessee State TigerBelles win the women's competition. In all she ran nine races—three relay legs, plus trials, semis and finals in both the 60 and 220. She finished fourth in the shorter race. Cheeseborough has been working this season to develop a stronger finish. When she got to the starting line of the 220, however, she found

that Rosalyn Bryant, who holds the band-timed indoor world record of 23.4 in the event, was inside and thus out of sight behind her in the staggered start. "I chose then to concentrate on getting a good start," said Cheeseborough after the race. "I never looked back to find Rosalyn but I did hear her footsteps toward the end of the race." Bryant eventually faded, finishing third in 24.21, .15 of a second behind Gwen Gardner, but .02 better than the old record, which was set by Freida Nichols of Barbados and the D.C. International Track Club last year.

At the Montreal Olympics, Cheeseborough ran the 100-meter dash, finishing sixth. America's best performance at that distance was by Ashford, who placed fifth. This year Ashford left UCLA to "sacrifice a year to training" in the hope of winning a medal in 1980. She has worked on building a base of strength that will carry her through next year. To develop her calves she is running in the sand of, appropriately enough, Santa Monica's Muscle Beach. She is also lifting weights to build up her arms. "Your legs go as fast as your arms," says her coach, Pat Connolly, wife of Harold Connolly, the 1936 Olympic gold medalist in the hammer throw. "And it's easier to make your arms go faster."

A RUN FOR THE MONEY

The U.S. has a slick new \$4.5 million Olympic luge run, the hemisphere's first. But, as usual, East Germany won the meet **by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON**

To Americans, luge is among the most arcane of sports. The word is pronounced *loo-zhuh* and sounds as if it might have to do with some kind of exotic shower nozzle. Even when you learn that the word is French for sled, no clear picture of lugging emerges, which perhaps is why for a long time it has seemed best to leave the whole thing to dole cadres of Iron Curtain athletes wearing vaguely sinister rubber suits.

Then, last week, luge was thrust into the U.S. sporting consciousness. A stunning new luge run was unveiled for its first official test—1,000 meters long, curling, curving and coiling, as graceful as it was treacherous, down through the trees on old Mount Van Hoevenberg outside Lake Placid, N.Y. It was, of course, the new facility built for the 1980 Winter Olympic Games, a \$4.5 million structure of sculptured concrete, steel and wood, refrigerated, and so artfully designed by a Polish-French architect, Jan Stiel, that the best luge riders in the world thought this might be the best luge course in the world.

True or not, it's positively the best in the Western Hemisphere, for the simple

reason that it is the only one. And that is why luge is not very big outside of Europe. Until now, almost no one in America—North or South—ever had much of a chance to try luge, let alone perfect its technique or its technology. Until the new run opened last month, the only place to practice for international competition in the Western Hemisphere was on the slivery old wooden-walled bobsled run on Mount Van Hoevenberg, which was retired when the separate new luge and bobsled courses were built. As often as not, lugers seeking access to the old course were impeded or insulted by the more numerous bobsledders. There was no bobsledding in the 1960 Winter Olympics because Squaw Valley didn't have a run; there was no luge because it didn't become an Olympic sport until 1964.

The *crème de la crème* of lugers, both men and women, were in Lake Placid for a pre-Olympic meet, including a huge confident contingent of East Germans, who have long dominated this exacting modern version of sliding down hills as surely as the Flexible Flyer leads all comers in America's simpler version of the game. In the four Olympic Games since the single and double lugers were first included as official events, East German riders have won no fewer than 20 of the total of 36 Olympic medals awarded. A degree in the luge is offered at their sports universities, and the technological marvels of their sleds have long been the wonder and worry of their rivals.

"Luging is 50% sled and 50% sledder," says Walter Jentsch, East Germany's national coach, "although both are really the same and cannot be separated." As with a bad race-car driver, a bad luge rider will reduce a fine machine to mediocrity. Yet there has long been a suspicion in the international luge fraternity that it is the design and construction of the East German sleds that give them a decisive edge. The U.S.S.R. has made a stunning turnaround from a fourth-rate luge power in 1972 to a first-rate one now. And the rumor is that the Soviets stole an East German luge some years

ago and gained access to its technological secrets when they disassembled and analyzed the sled.

When asked about this, Jentsch raised his eyebrows quizzically and said, "You say the Russians stole a sled? We had better count them." Count them, indeed: no East German sled is ever left uncounted—or unguarded. While other lugers at Lake Placid stuck their scarred vehicles in snowbanks or leaned them on hay bales after a race, the East Germans carefully lined up their sleek machines and assigned a special sentry to watch them every moment they weren't in use. "You probably couldn't steal one of those without a commando attack," said Jim Murray, the U.S. team manager. "But I have a theory that there might be more psychology than technology in that whole ploy of keeping their sleds so secret. It just might be that they have no super technology at all, that they're using plain old factory-made sleds while the rest of us are scared half to death because we assume they have that big extra scientific edge."

Possibly yes, but probably no. Still, the Soviets didn't need to steal a German sled to improve in luge. They simply launched an expensive national program in the early '70s, built six luge courses in places where winter seldom leaves the countryside, and spent all kinds of money recruiting and developing superlugers. The Soviets are determined to bring home luge gold from the 1980 Games. In a heavily restricted area of Siberia, they have built an exact replica of the entire Lake Placid course so their riders will know its every veer and jiggle next year. "They know it takes money to make money," sighed Murray. "Which is an idea I thought Americans had invented."

The neglect with which U.S. sports officialdom has treated lugers borders on the sadistic. Last week, while the East Germans lolled about the Lake Placid Club, many American lugers had to cudge beds in private homes or throw sleeping bags on the floors of hotel rooms occupied by other countries' teams. For a time, the Americans were allowed the use of a single pickup truck provided by the Lake Placid Organizing Committee to transport themselves and their sleds the six miles from Lake Placid to the course. But a few days before the races, the committee took back the truck, and

Stiel an East German sled? Nein, danke schön.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRANE



On his final try, Detlef Günther, East Germany's current world champion and Olympic gold medalist, overtook Russia's Vladimir Shtrov to win the singles title.

U.S. lugers were told to hitch rides with other teams. Some were reduced to thumbing it on the highway, their 50-pound sleds on their backs. The only transportation from town to course that the team coach, a doughty Polish refugee named Piotr Rogowski, could muster was aboard the ambulance that is required to be present during all luge runs. At the course, while other teams rode back up the mountain in rented vehicles after each training run, some Americans had to climb the whole way, their backs bowed beneath the burden of their sleds.

Rogowski, who was the second-best luger in Poland in 1965, has in his own person much of the expertise long lacking in U.S. luge development, yet he was working without pay at Lake Placid last week. He has published at his own expense a lucid and definitive book on luge technique and training, but although the U.S. Olympic Committee voted to buy 1,000 copies for \$4,800 as a means of defraying the cost, Rogowski never got a check, so the USOC never got the books. Rogowski said sadly last week, "There is only a few minutes until the Olympics. We got no money. We got no cooperation. We got no hope." He waved a hand

at the new luge run. "All we got is this, a perfect track with perfect configuration. It will do us great good in the future, perhaps. But for now, for 1980, it should be on another planet for how much it helps us."

At times during last week's competition, lugers thought the new facility indeed belonged on another planet. The Europeans were outraged at the preparation of the course. Hans Rinn, 25, a top East German rider, snapped, "The whole run is soft. Maybe their refrigeration works, but the operators don't know how to run it properly." Although, thanks to a long spell of cold weather, the course had been hard and fast for training, the first competitive runs were held in above-freezing temperatures and the surface was coated with the same crunchily frost that covers refrigerator coils in need of defrosting. For sleds it is worse than snow, acting as an abrasive that slows the runners. Water dripping from retaining roofs over curves also built up and froze on the track, making dangerous bumps. There seemed to be no manpower available to sweep or clean the course. Worse, the refrigeration was either broken or so poorly adjusted that

the mountain air reeked with ammonia fumes. Jentsch grumbled, "These people don't do this to be malignant; they just don't know any better. The frost must be scraped off and the track hosed down. It is so simple. They should know." Indeed, they should.

However poor the condition of the course may have been, the results of last week's competitions ran pretty much according to form. Detlef Günther, East Germany's world champion and Olympic gold medalist, overhauled the U.S.S.R.'s Vladimir Shtrov on his final run on Sunday to win the men's singles. Another East German finished third. The East German women swept their singles event and a pair of East Germans won the doubles. The U.S. finished 23rd in the men's and 19th in the women's singles, and 13th in the doubles.

Alas, it isn't likely the U.S. will improve on that in the 1980 Games. Yet the very presence of such a superbly designed course, with—eventually—time for training expert riders and developing sleek new sleds, one day will move luge out of the lexicon of baffling words and into the world of sport—American sport, at that.

END

A GAME THAT THE NHL CAN'T WIN

What happened to the National Hockey League in the Challenge Cup series shouldn't have been a shock to anyone. Listen, the NHL had been living on borrowed time since 1972, when Team Canada had to win the last three games in Moscow—and did so by a single goal each time—to beat the Soviets 4-3-1 in hockey's first summit meeting. Since then, individual NHL teams have regularly played Soviet clubs in North America, and the Soviets have the edge, 10-5-2. So, let's face it: the Soviets' victory in the Series of the Century wasn't exactly the upset of the century.

But where does this leave the NHL? Well, the way things are right now—and I don't see them changing overnight—it

As the Boston Bruins' general manager sees it, the Soviet Union's recent conquest of the NHL's All-Star team was no upset. Look for more of the same

by HARRY SINDEN

will be very difficult for us to beat the Soviets when we play them the next time, and the time after that. In essence, what these hockey confrontations—these so-called battles for world supremacy—have come down to is a clash of societies, and we in North America may well be in a no-win position.

I first encountered Soviet hockey in 1958 at the World Championships in Oslo. At that time I was working in a fac-





Skating should be a hockey player's most important asset. Sinden says, and Soviets such as the brothers Goltsov—Alexander (left) and Vladimir (above)—proved to be superior skaters to the NHL stars.

tory and playing defense three or four nights a week for the Whitby (Ontario) Dunlops, a senior amateur team sponsored by the Dunlop tire factory. We represented Canada in the tournament—I was the captain of that team—and we defeated the Soviet National Team 4-2. Remember, we were just a bunch of guys who carried lunch pails. The Dunlops were one of the strongest amateur teams ever to represent Canada, but we were hardly of 1958 NHL caliber.

Yet, just 14 years later, before my very eyes, the Soviets played the best players from the NHL—I was the coach of that 1972 team—almost to a standstill in an eight-game series. And now they've beaten us—and not by accident.

In the Soviet Union, hockey is an outgrowth of the political system. The state funds all the hockey programs and makes them work—or else. In North America, though, hockey is a business. The people in hockey—the players, coaches, owners—are in it to make a living. Hockey has become a rich man's game, too. It's

expensive to outfit kids to play the game, expensive to rent rinks—it's expensive just to take kids to see NHL games. As a result, enrollment in youth-hockey programs has declined considerably the past few years. The fact is, hockey isn't a national service with us, and I, for one, don't believe it should be. What I mean is that we should not change the character of our society—from being free and open to one of conscripted service—just to achieve hockey supremacy.

NHL players are brought up to compete against one another on a team and league level, while Soviet players are brought up to compete against the world. To the NHL player, hockey is 10 exhibition games, 80 regular-season games, a number of Stanley Cup playoff games—and then three or four months on the golf course. To the Soviet player, hockey is almost 12 months of arduous daily labor on and off the ice that is programmed to achieve success in two or three international events each year.

The NHL All-Stars played scheduled

league games almost to the eve of the Challenge Cup series and as a result had only two practices together. The Soviets, on the other hand, prepared for the series by training for several weeks in the Netherlands, where they lived on New York time and practiced on a surface that was tailored to the specifications of the rink at Madison Square Garden.

More power to the Soviets. They've mapped their strategies and followed them perfectly. But as long as the basic ground rules of the competition remain the same, it's going to become even tougher for us to beat a team that only wants to win one for the Kremlin.

The Soviets hardly mask the order of their priorities, either. For example, the U.S. dollars they took home to Moscow from the Challenge Cup were immediately reinvested in development programs. That's sound business practice—plowing money back into the operation in order to make an even better profit. Our proceeds from the series were divided between the NHL office and the players' pension fund. Not one penny was allocated to development.

Here are the cold facts on hockey development in North America. From all the reports I've studied, there are only four or five draft-eligible 19-year-old juniors in all of Canada who bear the scouting label "Can play in the NHL next season." There are maybe another eight or 10 graduating juniors who, as the scouts say, "need a little more seasoning," but after that, everyone else is a "probable" or a "maybe" or a "never."

That, to me, tells the real story of why the Soviets beat us at our own game. Beat us handily. Embarrassed us.

Indeed, perhaps the No. 1 problem facing the NHL today is the fact that the league has spent the last seven years trying to survive economically and consequently has paid almost no attention to the future of its game. The cost of operating an NHL franchise is staggering—somewhere between \$3.5 and \$4.5 million a year. In the last decade, the average player's salary has jumped almost 500%—from less than \$20,000 a year to almost \$100,000; some 52% of a team's operating budget is allocated to player salaries. Also, the NHL has had to spend

continued



Bill Barber had Vladimir Kozin lined up for a check, then—whoosh—Kozin went thataway

millions of dollars keeping faltering franchises alive and defending itself legally. And good Lord, we've had about 19 league meetings the last few years—everywhere from Montreal to Key Largo, Fla.—just to discuss the various expansion proposals tendered by the World Hockey Association.

Imagine if we had spent half that time, half that energy and half that money formulating development programs, making instructional films, conducting clinics for coaches! We probably wouldn't have the problems we have right now.

One problem the NHL has—and cannot continue to ignore—is that the league tolerates too many players whose skills are limited to the area of intimidation. As a result, the NHL has had too much of a monster image for about 10 years. You shouldn't have to be Atilla the Hun to play the game. The Soviets certainly didn't play that way in New York. The fact of the matter is, kids will imitate what they see on TV—and in the NHL. They'll play just like us. Some NHL owners operate on the theory that fights attract crowds. Maybe they do, but let's face facts: fighting won't sell the game of hockey now.

It's time for us to take a hard stand and clean up our game. Premeditated

hooliganism must be eradicated. We must weed out the brawlers and deal with them properly. We must be tougher on these people, and actually there aren't that many. In the last decade, some players have been unable to develop all their skills because they've been intimidated. They don't want to drop their gloves and fight—and be embarrassed. We must put in some tough rules to end this.

It's certainly no coincidence that the growth of Soviet hockey has roughly coincided with the NHL's expansion from six teams to as many as 18 and also with the emergence of the WHA. These things have hindered—not helped—player development.

Unfortunately, not enough people in the NHL are aware of—or even care about—the fact that the league has been forced into such an economic position that player development has been virtually ignored. In 1967 there were only six major league hockey teams competing for amateur talent in North America; today there are 17 in the NHL and six more in the WHA. So what has happened, regrettably, is that a small base of talent has been spread particularly thin.

In the pre-expansion and pre-WHA days, a player had to correct his deficiencies before he could play major

league hockey. But now he arrives with those deficiencies and, because of the law of supply and demand, doesn't have to correct them to play big league hockey. What I can't believe is that some hockey people are foolish enough to think that an expansion with the WHA will improve our product. Anyone who thinks that having 22 or 23 teams in one NHL will make us a better league... well, he doesn't know what he's talking about.

To me, the most impressive aspect of the Soviet team that won the Challenge Cup—apart, that is, from its unbelievable skating talent—was its youth. Thirteen of the 20 players were 24 years old or younger, while only two were over 30. And the best of all the young players in the Soviet Union, 20-year-old Vyacheslav Fetisov, a defenseman who is regarded as the "Bobby Orr of Soviet hockey," didn't even play because of a shoulder injury.

As Anatoly Tarasov, the father of Soviet hockey, once told me, "We think of hockey as being a young man's game. We like to phase our players into retirement once they turn 30."

Ironically, the Soviets have developed their hockey operation by following a master plan patterned closely after the development program that the NHL was forced to abandon some 10 years ago. Before expansion, the NHL's six teams pumped plenty of money into player development. NHL clubs sponsored teams and, indeed, entire leagues of young players. Boston, for instance, practically underwrote a Bantam League program in Parry Sound, Ontario while it was courting a 12-year-old, towheaded defenseman from Parry Sound named Bobby Orr. Then, once a hot prospect became 15 or so, NHL teams would offer him about \$35 a week to leave his hometown and play junior hockey for one of their affiliates. It was an offer that very few teen-agers ever refused.

The NHL dropped its sponsorship program following the 1967 expansion, opting, instead, for what became known as the universal amateur draft. Independent operators now run the junior teams, and they're in business to make money. The idea of developing players, of developing skills, is not foremost on their minds.

In the U.S.S.R., the state funds, and closely monitors, the hockey programs at all the military, trade-union and factory clubs. The coaches at these clubs are players who have retired from the national team, gold-medaled Olympic vet-

continued

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erans such as Aleksandr Ragulin and Anatoly Firsov, as well as present members of the national team such as Goalkeeper Vladimir Tretiak, who tutors prospective goaltenders at the Central Army Club complex in Moscow.

In time, all the best young players in the U.S.S.R. find themselves living in Moscow—and usually playing for some Central Army Club team. If, say, the Traktor Club in Chelyabinsk happens to uncover a six-year-old first-grader with lightning-quick hands, the Soviet Hockey Federation promptly moves the 6-year-old and his entire family to Moscow and enrolls him in an official state hockey program. Then the intense training begins.

One thing I've learned about the Soviets' training program is that it places more emphasis on skating and finesse than on shooting or hitting. I think that our emphasis switched from skating and finesse to shooting back in the late 1950s, when Bobby Hull arrived in Chicago

with his slap shot and his curved stick. Suddenly, everyone was talking about how fast a player's shot traveled and about how many goals players scored. Hull spawned what has become an entire generation of kids who can shoot the puck through a stone wall but maybe can't skate a straight line for 10 feet. Not that it was Bobby's fault.

The 20 or so Soviets who played in the Challenge Cup all were tremendous skaters—and all had remarkably similar styles. Their acceleration came from short strides, many short strides, and they seemed to move choppy. They looked like 100-meter sprinters. Our skaters are more like mile runners, with long, loping strides.

Put simply, the Soviets seem to have the upper hand in the most important area of the game—skating.

The best of the speedy young forwards on the Soviet National Team is said to be Helmut Balderis, a 26-year-old wing,

who plays for the Central Army Club in the 10-team Soviet major hockey league. Four years ago Balderis was the star of the Latvian-based Riga Dynamo team in the same league. Was Balderis traded from Riga to the Central Army Club? No. He was, as the Soviets like to say, drafted by the Army Club team.

In fact, the great majority of players on the Soviet National Team also play for the Central Army Club team, which explains why it has won the Soviet league championship 16 of the last 17 years. The Soviet major league, you might say, is nothing more than a 36-game training schedule for the Soviet National Team.

What if we took all our best young players—the Barry Becks, the Mike Bossys, the Bryan Trottiers, the Robert Picardos—and simply assigned them to, say, the Montreal Canadiens?

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THE KID'S ALL HEART

Lehigh's Mark Lieberman is not the most talented of college wrestlers, but he's the guttiest—and the best
by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

The sign in front of the narrow, decrepit restaurant with the dirty windows and the eight wobbly stools at the counter says AL'S LUNCH. But Al is dead. Everyone calls it Helen's. Helen Charo, 60, will never die; legends don't. Her place hard by the railroad tracks in Bethlehem, Pa., is a classic greasy spoon, so classic, critics say, that it's the kind of joint that gives greasy spoons a bad reputation. Nonsense. Helen's is one of the world's alltime great eateries. The menu on the wall offers sandwiches called Rat, Gigaroni, Audrey and Weber. Nobody knows what they are. Doesn't matter. You simply order what you want, and Helen fixes what she wants you to have.

A BLT on rye, please, Helen.

"Here's a hamburger on a bun."

An ice cream, please, Helen.

"Now, here's what you get." She slips down a piece of stale chocolate candy.

Helen's is a hangout for cops, garage-men, folks who need a rest on their way to the next street corner and Lehigh University athletes past and present. At the moment, it's especially home for Lehigh senior Mark Lieberman, the best college wrestler in the country. "I love Helen," says Lieberman. "Mark's a good little boy," says Helen. Over Lieberman's shoulder, in a sea of wrestling pictures on the wall, is a sign: IT'S 11 P.M. OCCAS YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE HERE?

To understand Lieberman, it's helpful to understand his affection for Helen and her restaurant. After all, the 23-year-old Lieberman was born to talent and brains and good looks and country clubs and prep school. Helen was born to, well, hardscrabble living and a lot of faith in mankind. The athletes get no checks for meals in Helen's, and she disregards the prices posted on the wall. You pay what you want. "This is a home," says Helen. "You don't charge in a home. Mark and all the others do plenty for me just by coming here and making me happy."

Yet, for all their differences, you scratch Mark or Helen and underneath is hard-core work ethic and a thorough understanding of adversity. Says Mark of his wrestling. "If it were easy, I wouldn't consider it worth doing." Both work very hard—Helen's is open from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. six days a week and for 7½ hours on Sunday. Both trust people—there's always money lying on Helen's counter for telephone calls. Both know what's im-

portant in life—she closes for all Lehigh athletic events. Ergo, it's no surprise that Helen and Mark are simpatico. In the final analysis, Helen represents a lot of what Lieberman admires most, and aspires to.

It's no surprise, either, that the academically gifted Lieberman feels very much at home at academically respected Lehigh, where his double major is international relations and accounting. "Drugs were never in here and fraternities were never out," he says of his school. "It has always been an old-fashioned booze-and-brouds kind of school and always will." For Lieberman, a good Catholic boy, that qualifies as a grossly randy comment. In truth, he seldom can be seen at a college spot like Your Mother's Bloomers, which is only a block from the two-family house that he owns. "I've got those entrepreneurial instincts," he says of his house, "and with a little capital base, you can open new doors." But on those rare occasions when he does go to the saloon, he's uncomfortable. "It's guilt," he says. "I get there and spend all my time wondering if any of the guys I have to wrestle are out having a few beers." He always leaves early. "I know that if I'm not studying, I should be wrestling, and if I'm not wrestling, I should be studying. What's hard about that?"

It's an attitude that seems to be working. Lieberman has not lost a college wrestling match since March 1977, when he was whipped in the finals of the NCAA tournament by Oklahoma's Rod Kilgore. He has won 42 in a row since then, including last year's 177-pound NCAA championship. He is favored to retain his title later this month in Ames, Iowa, even though he is substantially better at the more wide-open Olympic freestyle wrestling than at the collegiate brand. Of Lieberman's six collegiate losses—vs. 80 career wins—four came when he was a freshman. After winning the 1978 NCAA, AAU and U.S. Wrestling Federation championships, he was named the No. 1 amateur wrestler in the country.

Dan Gable, head coach at Iowa and probably the best wrestler the U.S. has ever produced, says of Lieberman, "If you let up on him for a second, he'll throw you on your head." Lehigh Coach Thad Turner says of his prize pupil's



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

style. "When he wrestles, it gets to be a brawl. He just hounds the other guy until he finally says, 'Oh, the heck with it.' " Lieberman excels at upper-body throws; he is weakest at underneath wrestling. And while he will not say he's the best wrestler in the nation, he concedes, "I'm the best brawler."

But some of Lieberman's defeated opponents are more reluctant to praise him. After he pinned Navy's Nick Mygas in 1:59 recently, Mygas said, "He's not that strong." Iowa State star Kelly Ward, who went to the same prep school Lieberman did but doesn't wrestle in the same weight class, only grudgingly says of his old schoolmate, when comparing him to other wrestlers, "He might be a wee bit more dedicated—maybe."

The fact is, Lieberman has everything going for him, with one notable exception. He lacks talent. As Turner explains, "I always thought you needed a certain ability level to start with. Mark is causing me to change that belief." Lieberman's self-appraisal is even less flattering. "I'm fair, at best," he says. "My power isn't great, my speed isn't great, my balance isn't particularly good." So how does he win? "I beat people in the mind." Coach Tom Hutchinson of Blair Academy in New Jersey, where Lieberman prepped for Lehigh, says, "In seven years here, I've had at least 15 wrestlers with better athletic ability."

As Turner observes, the key to Lieberman's success is his absolute tenaciousness, his open-throttle dedication. Lieberman says, "I have left the wrestling room with blood running down my face, tears streaming down my cheeks, soaking wet, and I can't help it. I just sit down and have a good cry. Then I go back into the room and get pummeled again. It's that kind of sport." Lehigh's Associate Coach Gerry Leeman, a former NCAA champ and a silver medalist in the 1948 Olympics, marvels at Lieberman. "There's nothing chrome and polish about him. He's just a grinder."

In the wrestling room, Leeman is hollering at the team, "It's dog-eat-dog. We're going to find out who's a Doberman and who's a Poodle. It's nose-to-nose and toes-to-toes." Nobody—but nobody—questions Lieberman's pedigree. During an all-out session with his talented teammate, 190-pound Mike

continued

Brown, the bodies fly. Says Brown, "If you take him down once, he'll get you six times. The madder I get, the tougher he gets. He's not that strong, but he makes up for it." How? "By how good he is." Another Lehigh wrestler, 134-pound freshman Darryl Burley, who has the look of a future national champion, says of Lieberman, "He's given me the attitude that I can be the best. He tells me that I can beat a lot of people who are better than I am because I love it more. Like him."

That is the crux of what makes Lieberman terrific. By his own calculation, he figures that wrestling is 10% physical, 10% technical and 80% mental. "There are just too many crummy athletes who win national titles," he says. "That means they have to have a heart eight miles wide. Even if I'm getting beat 20-2, I'm still going to give you every bit of my heart."

Of course, Lieberman isn't going to be getting beaten 20-2 by anyone these days, nor by any two men. But as recently as April 1978, he was thrashed by, among others, Olympic silver- and gold-medal-winner John Peterson. "John hasn't just beaten me," says Lieberman, "He's humiliated me." Yet losses—and coping with them—are another cornerstone in the sturdy foundation of success that Lieberman has built. "If you lose losses beat you," he says, "you're beating yourself. I think it's important that people know you fail. It shows you're human. When you hide your losses, it makes you afraid to lose. Frankly, my goal is to lose 1,000 times, because I know that in order to lose that much, I'm going to have to wrestle anytime, anywhere, against anybody. And if I do that, I'm either going to become pretty doggone tough or I should quit."

Lieberman grew up in a household where the four kids had a lot of chores, but quitting was not one of them. Brother Mike, himself an NCAA champion for Lehigh at 177 pounds in 1975, says, "The thing Mark understands best is you don't quit. It's a word I don't think I ever heard in our house. It didn't sit at all well with Dad." Indeed, George Lieberman, chairman of the board of the Lieberman-Harrison, Inc. advertising agency of Allentown, Pa. and New York City, says, "I always insisted that the kids give anything a real hard look before they started, because once they did, they knew that

it had to be completed in some reasonable fashion." A conversation with George leaves no mystery as to where Mark got his steel.

Relaxing with a beer in front of the fire in his Allentown home, George Lieberman muses about "trying to be supportive but not overanxious, overpromoting parents. We never said to either of the boys, 'You ought to be a national champion.'" Says Mark, "You can't love something because you're told to."

Somewhat surprisingly, two factors that often barm promising athletes—affluence and an older, highly successful sibling—converged on Mark to make him better.

"It's not poverty or affluence that's important," says Mark's mother Jean, "it's the teaching of values. I raised the children on Kipling's *If*—the Lord's Prayer and St. Francis of Assisi." Mike and Mark are still learning values. Example: there are about a hundred wrestling trophies in the Lieberman basement. George suggested, and the boys readily agreed, that soon they should take off the metal inscriptions from all but the most significant awards and give those trophies to the local YMCA to be used again. "It'll save the Y hundreds of dollars," says George.

Leeman, for one, thinks that a favored family background is a plus. "It's not the money," he says, "it's the stability that a family like the Liebermans creates. Wrestling is a great test of character and integrity, and I think the best wrestlers come from families where parents have taught boys to believe in themselves. Money can't force kids to wrestle. And it only appeals to those few who can live with the idea that it's one-on-one, and there's no salvation except me." Says Mark, "My parents always encouraged me to take as big a bite as I wanted." Indeed, when he was in 10th grade and announced he wanted to be an Olympic champion, nobody laughed. His father simply responded, "Fine. It'll take a lot of hard work."

Showing an affinity for hard work, Mark was a prize prospect coming out of prep school. He could have gone to a number of colleges on a full ride. Nonetheless, he elected Lehigh, where students get financial aid based only on need. Mark got nothing, as did Mike before him. However, the school annually

awards 10 Presidential Scholarships worth \$1,000 each to its best and brightest; Mark, who clearly falls among the best—his average is a modest 2.8—has one of them. It still means his father has been given the chance to spend about \$6,000 a year for Mark's education, which could have been free elsewhere. "I think he'll earn this investment back very quickly when he gets out of school," says George.

But an even bigger hurdle for Mark was Mike, who is three years his senior. Mike had all the ability one could hope for. In fact, eyes glaze over when experts consider what sort of wrestler would emerge from a melding of Mark's tenacity and Mike's ability. "Oh, my!" says Leeman. Even Mike concedes, "Mark has dedicated more of himself than I did."

Growing up in the Lieberman house was one continuous wrestling match that was interrupted only for meals. "I'm going to beat you," Mark would say. And Mike would snuff. "That's the day I'll quit wrestling," Mike, who is now a salesman in Bethlehem Steel's Chicago office, recalls tearing his brother apart. "But now I really don't like wrestling him. He's a little mean." Once the boys knocked down a motel-room wall while vacationing in California. "It wasn't a very strong wall," says Jean.

Again it falls to Leeman to explain why



Mike turned out to be an asset in Mark's development. "The second son tags along and strives to keep up, which is important, because if he doesn't strive, he doesn't get to go. And he can grow up with the attitude, 'I'm going to show them. I'm going to do everything he did, only a little better.'" With that, Loeman runs his finger down a list of Lehigh's 15 NCAA champs, finding eight that are second sons. Mark gives full credit to his brother, and it's with reluctance that he talks of that day when, inevitably, he beat Mike. First there was Mark's 5-3 victory in the 1976 Olympic regional trials. Then the two were paired in the national trials; Mark won by a pin. "It wasn't much of an up," says Mark. "He's an idol, and you don't like to see an idol tumble. Especially you don't like to tumble your own idol."

Neither brother made the '76 Olympic team. Mark likely was just too young, but he thinks his brother may have failed "because he didn't set his goals high enough. His goal was to be an NCAA champion, and when he did that as a junior, there was nothing left." As for Mark, he'll never be guilty of shooting too low; he wants Olympic gold in 1980. The path, however, is cluttered with roadblocks, notably Peterson and Chris Campbell, who are both older and have considerably more international experi-

ence. "I'm not one for setting realistic goals," Lieberman concedes. "If you reach them, they're not high enough." But while getting to Moscow will be difficult in the traditionally strong 180.5-pound class, the Soviets—among others—know who Mark Lieberman is. As one U.S.S.R. coach told George after an international competition, "We don't know what to do with your son—but we will find out."

This may be whistling in the dark, unless Lieberman's injury jinx strikes again. As a freshman, he tore cartilage in his right knee and later stretched ligaments in his left knee. As a sophomore, he injured his right arm severely enough that surgery was required; 10 days after the cast was off his arm, he tore a ligament in his right knee. Last summer he tore cartilage in his right knee, and this winter he has been fighting a stubborn virus. Lieberman shrugs it all off, saying, "Your body pays for living. It's not built for abuse, and we abuse it every day. We live a risky life. If you're going to play, you're going to play injured. The main thing is that you can't let it dim your competitive instinct."

Nothing damps Lieberman's competitive instinct. "Competition is that thing that makes you better," he says. "I go out not to win, but to wrestle a little better than I ever have." When he races

onto the mat, he immediately establishes the ground rules. It's as if he is saying to his opponent, "I'll take the center of the mat. You may have the leftovers, if there are any." Then, quite often, the opponent will score a few points and get to thinking that, by golly, he can wrestle with this star of Bethlehem. Then—bam!—a patented Lieberman duck and power trip, and—whoops!—the match is over.

Lieberman sees wrestling as being so fast there is no time to think. "You can never plan what to do," he says. "It's like hunting deer. You can't count on the deer you saw yesterday being there today. You have to be ready to shoot whatever is there. Today's single leg may be tomorrow's fireman's carry. If you have to think what you're doing, you're too slow."

There are those who see a kind of unappealing cockiness in Lieberman. Even his father admits, "Mark can be abrasive, because he drives himself tremendously, and he expects everyone else to do the same."

Lieberman walks into Helen's, goes directly to the refrigerator for a piece of cheese and then to the cooler for orange juice—just like home. He banters with Helen and chats about himself and wrestling. "The most terrible thing for me would be if wrestling were to be the highlight of my life," he says. "The glory of the moment is the worst thing to get wrapped up in. Thousands of people will cheer you, but as soon as you think you're a god, you'll fall flat on your face. But what greater gift could I have received from wrestling than to enlarge my view of the world? Plus, it has taught me you just have to have that little extra something that makes you come up over the edge."

Lieberman then muses about how his epitaph should read. He settles for brevity: MARK LIEBERMAN HE TRIED. And could it be this quality that leads some people to think he's too perfect? "Yeah, it could."

But there's obviously nothing wrong with perfection. "Mark's a wholesome, clean-cut kid who is a bona fide student," says Turner. "Is this important? You've got to be a gentleman, have some class. He's real people. Apple-pie stuff. Some day he's going to be a real good guy to know." For that matter, he's not a bad guy to run into these days—if you don't have to wrestle him.

Lieberman, who calls himself a more brawler, has come out on top in 42 straight college bouts.





EVERY DOG HAS HIS BAY

Even those with two legs, the author says, telling how he and friends dispensed with their inept beagles and, in full cry, ran down the rabbits themselves

by RON RAU

I've seen only three good rabbit dogs in my life—and I roomed with two of them one semester at Central Michigan University. Gary Hurd, now a physical education teacher, was one. Dave Cope, now a state trooper, was the other. The third? Ahem, myself.

Oh, I've hunted with real beagles, the traditional rabbit dog. Mostly, I've hunted for real beagles when it came time to go home, hunted them down when they

had taken off cross-country after deer. We started one such hunt on a Saturday morning and ended it just before dusk Sunday. We finally guessed where the deer, a tired doe and her twin fawns, would cross, and after they passed by we tackled the beagles three minutes later.


We actually tackled the little devils. I remember grappling with one in the snow, finally pinning him underneath my body, and then having him look at

me with that docile, doleful beagle look as if to say, after an absence of a day and a half, "Oh, were you calling us?"

Cope, Hurd and I could be counted on never to run deer, unless that was what we were hunting. We were superior to beagles in other ways, too, besides being housebroken. Given proper snow conditions, we could stay on a single fresh rabbit track through a maze of other bunny tracks, even those made within the hour. Which is more than I can say for the beagles I've hunted with. Given an area of confusing rabbit trails, the simpleminded beagle will take the most convenient.

Our real strength lay in our intellectual superiority. We knew the strategy of a flushed cottontail rabbit. Every rabbit hunter knows it. They circle. It's that simple. But nowhere is there a beagle or basset hound that understands this very basic game plan. Nowhere. While hunting with these simpletons, I've often thought that if only I could have three words with one, if somehow a three-sec-

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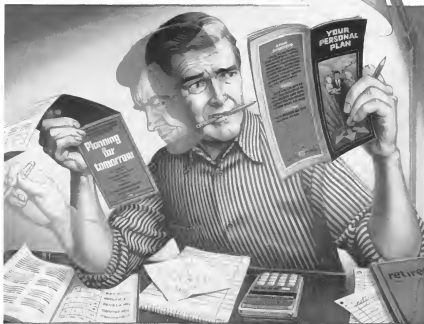


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BACK TO SCHOOL

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Spring training is not all sunbats and wind sprints. During the rites that begin in earnest this week, players will work not only on conditioning but also on their skills. They will take refresher courses in the basic arts of hitting, pitching and fielding, and under the tutelage

of coaches and special instructors—one of whom will be Sandy Koufax, who is coming out of seclusion to polish Dodger pitchers—they will brush up on the game's nuances, those little plays without which the majors wouldn't be big league at all.



Shoeless Joe presumably would have loved this Pirate drill. With a coach posing as a second baseman, players in old uniforms—so what if they get torn—and no spikes practice busting up double plays.



Spring showers used to mean a day off. No more, now that there are indoor hitting facilities such as the ones the Cardinals use. Inside, a pitcher can throw his worst delivery to the best of his team's batters and still be absolutely sure that it won't be hit out.

When Joe Torre, the manager of the Mets, noticed a few of his shortstops and second basemen flopping when it came to flipping the ball while working on 4-6-3 double plays last spring, he described the perfect throw for them: "It's a short, firm toss. Use touch."





A Philadelphia first baseman indulges in a preseason luxury—waiting for the pitcher to settle in at the bag before making the toss—during a drill on 3–1 ground outs. Such leisureliness is permissible only in springtime, when no runner is sprinting toward the base



Spring training is a screening process in more ways than one. As the manager tries to separate the phenoms from the phonies, wire mesh is everywhere, separating batting-practice pitchers—human and mechanical—and fielders from the sharp sting of line drives



Catchers also undergo a screening, and it often can be painful. When the coach pulls the trigger of this compressed air powered baseball mortar, it will, if properly aimed, lob foul balls back to within inches of the screen protecting the home plate box seats. Ouch!





EASY AS THREE TO ONE

To the public, spring training is as immutable as a Norman Rockwell cover: swaying palm trees; players leaning over the grandstand fence, chatting with elderly spectators; groups of pitchers jogging on the outfield warning track; popper games.

To players, spring training is more complex and specialized. There are, for example, the arcane devices used in March and rarely, if ever, after: bazooka guns for pop-ups; fully enclosed wire-mesh batting cages; sand pits for sliding, pitching machines. The players also spend hours working on the game's intricacies, which they will practice only briefly, if at all, come April. In fact, some of these plays or their variations rarely occur during the season. But when they do, the players must instantaneously recall the lessons of spring and react instinctively. Bunting, now down the first-base line, now toward third, is the subject of lengthy drills. So are pickoffs, double-play tosses, relays, cutoffs and calling for pop-ups (always either "I got it" or "Lo renço").

An onlooker might well wonder why some of the drills are conducted at all. How often does one see a pickoff play at third? All the time in spring training. And one wonders why some drills aren't undertaken more frequently. The play that most often seems to be messed up in games is the rundown. There are invariably too many fielders involved, too many throws and too many mistakes. "When it gets practiced in the spring, you see all

kinds of instructors," says one veteran. "There's mass confusion. They should simplify it."

By contrast, a tricky spring-training drill that's generally well executed in the summer is that tantalizing race to the bag—grounder to first, pitcher covering. This is as it should be, because that play is the very symbol of spring training.

"It's a gathering time, like a class reunion," says Jim Kaat of the Phillies, one of baseball's best-fielding pitchers. "All of a sudden you're in the home room, with 19 or 20 pitchers standing around talking about what happened during the winter." It's also a doubly useful drill, as the Cardinals' Keith Hernandez, the National League's Gold Glove first baseman in 1978, observes. "It satisfies everyone. The pitchers get their running and fielding, and the first basemen get their grounders."

The drill takes longer than any other because of the number of players involved. All the pitchers—veterans, rookies, minor-leaguers up for a quick look—participate, along with three or four first basemen. A weathered coach bats out the grounders that set the play in motion.

"It's a more difficult drill for the pitcher than for us first basemen," says Chris Chambliss of the Yankees, "because none of them run it as often as each of us does. They're not as accustomed to the play. Besides, during a game they're thinking of getting the batter out, and I'm thinking of playing defense."

Games can turn on how fast a pitcher reacts. "I've learned to break for first on any ball hit to the right side of the infield," says Kaat. "When a hitter beats a pitcher, nine times out of 10 it's because the pitcher didn't get a jump." Kaat heads for a spot 10 to 15 feet down the line from the base. Then he turns sharply left and races parallel to the line, toward the base. If all goes well, he catches the first baseman's toes a couple of steps ahead of the base. Then he looks for first and

touches it with his right foot to avoid colliding with the runner. "If you practice it enough," says Kaat, "you'll get your footwork down like a hurdler."

Of course, the play is not as simple as the neat 3-1 on your scorecard. For one thing, the throw doesn't always go from first baseman to pitcher. A bunt or a slowly topped grounder can be fielded by either player. If both go for the ball, the second baseman should cover first. But for some reason, he rarely participates in the spring-training drill.

Hernandez feels that first basemen make more mistakes on the play than pitchers. "Usually it's the throw—ahead, behind, low or high," he says. A good fielding pitcher, such as Phil Niekro of the Braves, never anticipates an accurate throw. "I look for the bad ones, because I know I can handle the good ones," he says. Niekro also doesn't panic about tagging first. Pitchers usually err when they look for the base before they have the ball.

The play looks simple enough when the ball is hit sharply and directly at the first baseman, who then flips an underhand throw, chest-high, to the pitcher a couple of steps before he reaches the bag. Things start getting complicated, both in practice and in games, when the ball is hit any distance to the first baseman's right. An underhand toss won't get the job done in such instances; the throw must then be sidearm or overhand. This situation is one of the few in which a righthanded first baseman has an advantage over a lefthander. True, the righthander must backhand the grounder, but after that all he has to do is straighten up and throw. The lefthander must field the ball and turn clockwise, back to the plate, before making his toss. "You're deep in the hole and you're probably off-balance," says Hernandez. "The pitcher's going full speed and you have to lead him just right."

To a perfectionist the solution seems simple—take the drill north. "Why not?" asks Niekro. "Most teams run the drill only as punishment, but it should be part of the season. It's one of the fundamentals of baseball."

—JIM KAPLAN

Even though the flat truth is that live pitching is without equal when it comes to helping a hitter sharpen his eye and quicken his stroke after a winter of inactivity, this simple device frequently suits a batsman to a T, especially if he is only aiming to level out his swing.

Carter's little thrills

Mad Dog used to be one of the most charged-up players in the NBA, but now Fred Carter gets his kicks as the successful coach of his alma mater's women's team

Mad Dog may never have been an all-star in the NBA, but he was, as they say in the pros, a player. He could shoot the ball. He could handle it. He could steal it. He could also hurdle press tables, throw up 30-foot rainbows and, with untoward regularity, get into a whole lot of foul trouble. And he did all these things while wearing a manic grin. In short, when Fred Carter played basketball, he looked and acted much like a mad dog.

During his eight years as a guard for the Bullets, 76ers and Bucks, Carter scored 15.2 points a game, and in three seasons he averaged more than 20. A severely sprained ankle prematurely ended his career in 1977. "I had played sports all my life, but suddenly I was over the hill at the age of 32," says Mad Dog. "It was like dying young."

Carter's \$150,000-a-year contract with Milwaukee was guaranteed through the 1977-78 season, and his agent, Larry Fletscher, had invested Carter's earnings well. So money was no problem. But adjusting to being on the sidelines was. And coaching, the traditional halfway house for players suffering withdrawal symptoms, didn't immediately open up to Carter. After all, who wanted to hire a guy named Mad Dog?

Nobody did until last April, when Carter's alma mater, tiny Mount St. Mary's College (enrollment 1,300) of Emmitsburg, Md. took him on. Now Carter gets in his playing during prepractice one-on-one sessions with his 6' 1" center. But once all 15 of his charges have arrived on the floor, he is nothing but clipboards and business. "Now, Becky, I want you to fill the lane on this one," he said recently as he diagramed a play from his days with the 76ers. Becky? A 6' 1" center? Yes, not only is Mad Dog coaching, but he coaches a women's team.

"When I was first offered the job, I thought, 'Can I teach girls?'" says the first ex-NBA player hired to direct a women's program. "But then I put my ego away and decided it was a challenge.

not a demotion. Believe me, and this is coming from a male chauvinist, women's basketball is where it's at. Watching a girl score a basket on a fast break is as exciting as seeing a flying dunk by one of the guys I used to play with. I love coaching my girls. It's ginger."

At first, things weren't so snappy for Carter. In one of his early games, a player fouled out, and Carter thought he saw tears. "Is she crying?" he asked one of her teammates. "Yes," she replied, "didn't you cry when you fouled out?" But now Carter has adjusted and is hap-



With Mad Dog barking orders and calling for NBA plays, the Mount has won 19 games this season

pity putting in 12-hour days "I saw more of him when he was a pro," says his wife Jacqui, who has gotten used to hearing Carter say, "Sorry, I won't be home for dinner tonight."

Since mid-October, Carter's players have been running windprints, lifting weights and suffering through strenuous two-a-day workouts. "He practices them longer and works them harder than I do my team," says the Mount's men's coach, Jim Phelan, whose 1962 team won the small college title. Carter's players are also pushed harder than the female teams at nationally ranked Tennessee or UCLA, where one practice a day is the rule. But Mount St. Mary's is moving up to the big time, and Carter wants the Mountaineers to become instant winners. Last year, playing mostly weak sisters, the Mount had a 16-6 record, but this season such strong basketball schools as Howard, St. Joseph's (Pa.) and James Madison were added to the schedule. Nonetheless, the Mountaineers finished their season last week with a 19-10 record and received their first bid to the AIAW Division II championship tournament.

Carter stresses fundamentals, but he strongly believes that in time a six-foot woman will be able to do whatever a six-foot man can do, including dunk. "Women's basketball is 15 years behind the men's game," he says. "Experience is the best teacher, and girls haven't had enough playing time. Things that guys do by instinct, girls have to learn. But girls are better listeners and more coachable than boys. The hardest thing to teach is the killer instinct. For years, society has said, 'Be a lady, be meek, be polite, wear ribbons and be pretty.' I keep telling them, 'Be mean, be aggressive, have confidence, scream "In your face!" at your opponent. You be a lady after the game.'"

"When we started practicing, I heard criticism that I was running my girls too much, that I was overworking them. Well, that's condescending. We don't play women's basketball, we play b-a-s-k-e-t-b-a-l-l. The sport's a frame of mind. The only time you're not tired is at the start of the game. You have to learn to reach back. You can be dying of fatigue, but I still want crisp passes and fast breaks. I tell my girls, 'When I was a pro, the best feeling was to look in an opponent's glazed eyes and see he was tired.'"

Carter still gets a lot of kidding from NBA players about coaching girls. But

anyone who thinks Carter is kidding hasn't seen him work. In a recent game against American University, the nattily attired Carter paced the sidelines, barking comments on how everyone was performing, including the refs, who quickly rewarded him with a technical. "Move up, move up, Mary Beth. Push it, push it!" he screamed, pounding a program against his leg. A botched play was greeted with a stomp and a sneer. During timeouts he hastily chalked plays on the floor and then asked, "Do you understand?" Five heads nodded in agreement, and in most cases the plays—named Philadelphia, Baltimore, Milwaukee, etc., after the NBA teams that originated them—were well executed. Freely subbing his short guards, whom he calls the Munchkins, Carter used a fast-break offense and a pressing man-to-man defense—two aspects of the game at which he excelled—that eventually wore down the taller opposition. Forward Rose Stephens scored 22 points, Center Becky Lovett, the Mount's only six-footer, added 18, and Carter's Mad Pups, as they are sometimes called, won 77-68.

"He's tough," says senior Forward Lynne Phelan. "We've never run so much or worked so hard, but he's not unreasonable and we've all learned so much. He demonstrates plays, takes us to pro games and is always here if anyone needs help. We now have a good team, and it's fun to have a coach who is asked for his autograph."

Because Maryland is currently ranked seventh in the nation, Mount St. Mary's is not even No. 1 in its state, but under Carter's tutelage the Mountaineers could be ranked nationally next year. However, there are rumors that Mad Dog is going to coach the Mount's men's team or move on to the pros. Indeed, one of Carter's former NBA coaches, Gene Shue, has offered him an assistant's job at San Diego. Carter says, "The Mount has been great to me. When I came here as a student, I was just out of the shams of Philly and I needed all the help I could get. The Mount gave it to me and now I've promised my girls I'll be back to give it to them. I've come full circle, and I've found that coaching makes my heart smile. At times I get caught up in my own enthusiasm. I have to say to myself, 'Fred, be patient.' But I'm building a system, and before I leave, my girls will master the gamblers rule—have confidence, swagger and come out smoking."

THE WEEK

(Feb. 19-25)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST "Payback Week" was what it was labeled by Michigan State Coach Jud Heathcote, who didn't like calling it "Revenge Week." Earlier in the season the Spartans had lost road games to Purdue and Illinois. Last week State good back Purdue 73-67 as Gregory Kiefer popped in 29 points. Another factor was a special zone defense that encircled the Boiler-makers' Joe Barry Carroll and limited him to 10 points, 12 less than his average. Michigan State then bumped off Illinois 76-62, Kiefer picking up 24 points and Earvin Johnson 21 points, 11 rebounds and 11 assists. One of Johnson's feeds came on a shovel pass to Kiefer that sailed half the length of the court.

With Ohio State and Iowa each winning once and losing once, Michigan State climbed into a three-way deadlock for the Big Ten lead. All of the contenders have two games this week, and should the Spartans remain tied with the Buckeyes and/or Hawkeyes, they will automatically get an NCAA berth because they have beaten both of them twice.

Ohio State gained sole possession of first place on Thursday, drubbing Illinois 73-55, while Iowa fell a game back when it was beaten 64-62 at Indiana. With Herb Williams pouring in 34 points and pulling down 13 rebounds, the Buckeyes had little trouble with the Illini, who suffered their ninth loss in 13 games since starting the season 15-0. Like Michigan State, Indiana did some paying back, Mike Woodson's 31 points helping to avenge a January loss to Iowa. The Hawkeyes then journeyed to Ohio State, got 31 points from Ronnie Lester and knocked up the race by paying the Buckeyes back for an earlier defeat with an 83-68 victory.

If there was anything that powerful Notre Dame needed, it was more productivity from Center Bill Lumberg. Last week, Lumberg produced 14 rebounds and two blocked shots as the Irish beat Oklahoma City 88-60, and 19 points and nine rebounds during a 93-70 blowout of La Salle. In each game, the Irish also got 21 points from Orlando Woolridge.

DePaul's Music Man had the Blue Demons dancing in the aisles. The Music Man is Gary Garland, who is a cousin of Dionne Warwick and is contemplating a career of his own as a vocalist. It was Garland's basket with four seconds to go that gave the Blue Demons a 61-60 victory over Marquette in a battle of independents, both of which seem likely to receive NCAA bids. The win raised DePaul's record to 20-4 and dropped the Warriors to 19-5.

Also angling for a tournament spot was 21-5 Detroit, which rallied for a 72-69 win

continued

at Loyola of Chicago. The Titans squandered a nine-point halftime bulge, trailed 39-34 and pulled the game out when Terry Daerred popped in eight points down the stretch.

Central Michigan was alone at the top of the Mid-American Conference, one game ahead of Toledo. The Chippewas got there by beating Ohio University 80-62 and Eastern Michigan 66-65.

Morehead State earned a berth in the Ohio Valley Conference's four-team tournament by beating regular-season champion Eastern Kentucky 98-91. The Eagles, who lost season games 4-19 overall and 9-14 in the conference, brought their records to 14-12 and 7-5 under first-year coach Wayne Martin as Herbie Stamper scored 32 points.

Another vastly improved team in Tennessee State, which also has a coach named Martin. Ed Martin joined the Tigers in 1968 and soon had them reeling off 20-win seasons. The past two years, however, State slipped to 9-16 and 13-12. About the only thing in which Martin could take pride in 1978 was that he won his 40th game in 23 seasons as a head coach. But he was distressed by the Tigers' average of 22 turnovers. So Martin scoured junior colleges for ballhandling guards and found just what he needed in Kenneth Olfert of Columbia State JC in Tennessee and Craig Geter of Dekalb JC in Georgia. Olfert and Geter have helped State cut its turnovers in half this season. With 6' 6" Forward Monte Davis leading the nation in rebounding with a 16.1 average, Geter picking up 117 assists and everyone in the starting five scoring in double figures, the Tigers have turned things around. Last week they whipped Tennessee-Chattanooga 81-64 and, despite Davis' 21 points and 18 rebounds, lost to Alabama State 84-81. All of which left State 20-6.

While LSU clinched first place in the SEC (page 12), Vanderbilt collapsed. The Commodores lost their second and third games in a row, 83-78 at Tennessee and 96-70 at Kentucky, and fell from second place to third.

1. NOTRE DAME (21-3) 2. LSU (22-4) 3. MICHIGAN STATE (20-5)

MIDWEST At various times this season Duke, Notre Dame and Michigan State lost the No. 1 ranking in the wire service polls because of on-the-court setbacks. Last week Indiana State fell from first to second in the AP voting—UCLA took over the No. 1 spot—even though it remained unbeaten. All of which prompted Syracuse Coach Bill Hodges to comment, "Some people say that although we beat Purdue, we don't consistently play the caliber of competition that Purdue, Indiana and Notre Dame do. But Indiana and Notre Dame don't want to play us. It might prove something." Hodges could only hope his players proved something when they survived the final week of the regular season without a loss, while

UCLA split two games. Larry Bird had 27 points as the Sycamores won 76-68 at Drake and 49 points, a career high, and 19 rebounds as they crushed Wichita State 109-84.

Alcorn State also stayed undefeated, running its record to 27-0 while winning the Southwestern AC tournament. The Braves came out on top by beating Mississippi Valley State 88-76 and Southern 108-89.

Texas and Arkansas finished the regular season tied for first in the Southwest Conference. The Longhorns ended up there after being upset 81-66 at Southern Methodist. Brad Branson of the Mustangs scored 20 points. The Razorbacks got there by winning 66-65 at Texas Tech, where they shot 79.4%, the second-best single-game percentage in NCAA history. But it took a last-second field goal by Arkansas' Sodey Moncrief, who had 25 points, to pull out the victory.

The Big Eight scramble came down to Kansas State vs. Oklahoma at Norman. Earlier, State had blown a 10-point lead, missed six of its last seven shots and lost 67-63 to Missouri, and Oklahoma was a 66-65 loser at Iowa State. That left the Sooners a game ahead of the Wildcats. Oklahoma had only 10 points after 14:38 of its game with K-State, but took charge from there on to win the game 65-52 and the conference championship.

Lamar moved 1½ games in front of Southwestern Louisiana in the Southland Conference. The Cardinals wiped out McNeese State 103-83 and Texas-Arlington 102-92.

1. INDIANA STATE (28-0) 2. ARKANSAS (21-4) 3. TEXAS (20-6)

EAST Everything was set for an exciting showdown last Saturday between North Carolina and Duke for the regular-season ACC championship. Earlier in the week, the Tar Heels whacked North Carolina State 71-56, while the Blue Devils were caught off guard by Clemson and lost 70-49. Carolina used its four-corner offense as well as its 3C attack to take care of State. "The 3C is primarily our passing game spread out," explained Tar Heel Guard Dave Colestock. "A lot of teams are ready for our four corners, so we've got to have something to fall back on." When the Wolfpack scored an 11-point Carolina lead to four, the Tar Heels fell back on the 3C and took off on a 17-6 spurt. Clemson Coach Bill Foster had an innovative tactic of his own—a halfcourt spread offense he calls the Tiger Pause—and he stuck with it all the way against Duke. The Pause pulled the Blue Devils out of their customary zone defense and forced them to double- and triple-team the ball. That opened lanes to the hoop, which resulted in the Tigers scoring 18 of their 23 field goals on layups and dunks. The loss dropped Duke one game behind North Carolina.

Third, on Saturday night in Durham, a victory for Carolina would wrap up the ACC

race and a first-round bye in this week's conference tournament. Duke quickly took a 2-0 lead. North Carolina came downcourt—and stopped. After 15:53 had elapsed, Rich Yonakor put an end to the all-out stall by attempting Carolina's first shot. It was an air ball. For the Tar Heels, who tried only one other shot before halftime, a desperation heave at the buzzer, the first ball was a total zero. They not only failed to score—Duke led 7-0—but they also didn't hit the rim or glass with either of their shots. In the second half, Carolina Coach Dean Smith decided to let his team play its usual game, but the Tar Heels never got closer than six points. Duke won 47-40 as Jim Sparnack performed for a passel of second-half layups: he hit on eight of nine shots for the night and finished with 17 points. Tied for first, the teams drew lots Sunday for the tournament bye. Although Smith couldn't use his four-corners, 3C or stall, he locked out and won the draw.

A little taunting and a lot of defense enabled Temple to boost its record to 22-3. Before facing St. Joseph's, the Owls' Bruce Harrold kidded teammate Walt Montford about not having had a 20-point game all season. "I'll try," responded Montford, a 6' 6", 230-pound center. He not only tried, but he also surpassed his goal. When the Hawks, who got 33 points from Rob Valdesa, pulled to within 58-54, Montford broke open the game with a three-point play, a jumper and another three-pointer to finish with 25 points and 13 rebounds. Temple's 76-68 victory gave it a lock on first place in the East Coast Conference's Eastern Division.

Three days later, when Temple had trouble handling non-shooting Dayton guards Jim Paxson and Jack Zimmerman, Coach Den Cousy ordered a 1-3-1 trapping zone that he calls "kind of our secret weapon." It is a secret no more because the Owls used it to hold the Flyers without a point on 13 straight trips down the floor. During that span, Temple overcame a 36-25 halftime deficit and went on to win 66-63. Ricky Reed picked up eight of his 11 assists after the intermission, giving him 187 for the season to break by two the school record set in 1956-57 by Guy Rodgers.

Even though Syracuse kept its starters on the bench until the close of the game, the Dragoes frolicked to a pair of victories—120-82 over Niagara and 113-62 over Colgate—which lengthened their winning streak to 17 games.

Two independents—Virginia Commonwealth and Old Dominion—battled for the bid to face Georgetown in the ECAC Southern playoffs, the winner of which will get an NCAA tournament berth. St. Bonaventure turned back Commonwealth 84-76 as Delmar Harrold tossed in 28 points. The Rams survived a 30-point performance by James Madison's Steve Stulper to pull out their 20th win 65-56. Ren Watson had 16 points, nine rebounds and five blocked shots for Commonwealth. After losing 99-84 to East Carolina,

continued

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

Old Dominion won a pair of nail-biters to raise its record to 21-5. Tommy Conrad blocked a St. Francis (Pa.) shot with two seconds left to preserve a 72-70 win for the Monarchs, who then squirmed past William & Mary 57-56 as Bobby Hartschke scored his only point of the game on a free throw with one second to play. That shot turned out to be an extra big one, because Old Dominion was subsequently awarded the ECAC bid.

Three other 20-game winners were Iowa (21-5), which disposed of Siena 70-68 and Fordham 79-70. Wagner (21-5), which breezed past Drexel 90-75 and St. Francis (N.Y.) 84-64, and Georgetown (22-4), which beat George Washington 73-71 and Holy Cross 63-54 in double overtime.

Penn. clinched its second consecutive Ivy League title by wringing past Princeton 42-41 in overtime, and defeating Cornell 85-72. The Quakers then lost 74-72 to second-place Columbia as the Lions' Alton Byrd had 19 points and nine assists and Rocky Free 18 points and 12 rebounds. Byrd has now had 504 assists in three varsity seasons. Princeton outlasted Cornell 66-61 in five overtimes, the first four ending 56-56.

Duquesne, Fairfield and Connecticut came through with upsets. The Dukes polished off Detroit, a 20-game winner, 93-84. After wall-popping Boston University 99-84 for its 21st victory, Boston College was jarred 93-81 by Fairfield, which got 30 points from Joe Desantis. Connecticut kept Rhode Island from its 20th win by beating the Rams 80-75.

Nick Galis flicked in 24 points as Seton Hall downed Catholic University 88-64, 42 during a 79-55 rout of Fairleigh Dickinson and 31 in an 83-77 loss to Cincinnati.

Just when it appeared the Eastern Eight race would be tied—second-place Pittsburgh held a 73-64 lead over first-place Villanova with 1:50 left to play—the Wildcats untangled matters. During the frenzied finish, the Panthers twice missed the front end of one-and-one foul opportunities, failed to sink a field-goal attempt and lost 75-73 as the Wildcats scored the game's final 11 points.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (21-6)
2. SYRACUSE (23-3) 3. DUKE (20-6)

WEST Peter Gudmundson, Washington's 7'2", 260-pound sophomore from Iceland, has thawed out his game of late, and last week he helped upset UCLA 69-68. Gudmundson scored 17 points, and by drawing double and triple coverage, often enabled forwards James Woods and Stan Walker to get open. It was Walker's 15-foot shot with three seconds to go that sank the Bruins. UCLA had trailed 50-38, but, paced by David Greenwood's 22 points, scrambled back for a 68-67 lead.

The Bruins barely avoided another upset by winning 110-102 in triple overtime at Washington State. Keeping the Cougars roll-

ing was Don Collins, who scored 36 points. Four Bruins collaborated for 90, Brad Holland getting 28 points, Greenwood 22 and Roy Hamilton and Kiki Vandeweghe 20 each. Southern Cal, playing without injured Center Cliff Robinson, edged Washington State 71-59, though Gudmundson scored 27 points.

Pepperdine and San Francisco were tied 15 times before USF wore the Waves down 72-65. The Dons got 26 points from Bill Cartwright on that game, and 35 more from him as they clinched first place in the WCAC by beating Loyola 103-69. Cartwright's 61 points raised his four-year total to a school-record 2,058.

Brigham Young ace Danny Ainge was shelved with a ligament tear in his right knee, but the Cougars still beat Wyoming 78-73 and Colorado State 66-61 behind Fred Roberts' 53 points. That kept BYU a game ahead of Utah in the WAC.

Utah-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian munched on his towel and paced the side-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JAMES (TURK) TILMAN: Eastern Kentucky's 6'4" junior forward scored 42 points in a 100-72 victory over Tennessee Tech, 26 in a 119-68 romp over Sewanee and 43 during a 98-91 loss to Morehead State.

him deep in thought, but once again he could not conjure a way to cool off New Mexico's Phil Abney. For the fourth straight time in two years, Abney led the Lobos past the Rebels, with 27 points, grabbing 14 rebounds and six assists in a 110-100 shootout. New Mexico beat San Diego State 84-78 in a WAC game despite 23 points and 23 rebounds by Steve Malovic of the Aztecs.

Pacific backed into the PCAA title. Utah State was an 84-77 winner over the Tigers, who nonetheless were assured of first place when San Jose State beat runner-up Fresno State 49-46.

One of the hottest gunners of late has been Matt Teshan of Denver, who popped in 36 points in a 75-68 defeat of Pan American and 24 in an 83-75 loss to Air Force. As the result of a six-game spree during which Teshan scored 193 points, he has raised his average to 23.9.

Northern Arizona, which drew only 7,234 fans for its first four games, had a record crowd of 7,383 for its clash with Big Sky champion Weber State. What intrigued Arizonians was that the Lumberjacks, who played most of the season with an eight-man squad, still had a chance of tying for second in the conference. And that's just what they did by winning 66-64 in overtime.

1. UCLA (21-4)
2. USC (17-6) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (21-6)



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SEAT-OF-PANTS MCGUIRE ENHANCES PROFESSIONAL PACKER

Al McGuire is the tall, dark and handsome Irishman from New York. Billy Packer is the short, balding Pole from Pennsylvania. They are as different as style and approach as any two men sharing the same job could be. Despite their differences—or perhaps because of them—NBC's two college basketball analysts are the best team in the business. In less than two full seasons together they have proved themselves to be engaging, entertaining and instructive—and have done all this without trampling over their play-by-play partner or irritating their viewers.

Given its brisk pace and rah-rah excitement, college basketball would seem to be the last sport to require these men talking into live microphones. ABC introduced the three-man format in its Monday-night broadcasts of pro football and baseball, but the pace is much slower in those sports. If college basketball on NBC has succeeded where other network attempts at the three-man approach have sputtered, the reason is McGuire and Packer, particularly when they are teamed with play-by-play man Dick Enberg.

Packer, a former player and assistant coach at Wake Forest, began his broadcasting career seven years ago, working Atlantic Coast Conference games. By hustling to make airplane connections (and once even chartering a jet) he has managed to fulfill his continuing commitment to the ACC during his four years with NBC. McGuire came to broadcasting

and NBC only last year, following an eminently successful and colorful coaching career at Marquette. The differences in their broadcasting experience are sometimes painfully obvious, as when McGuire once hastily—and incorrectly—diagnosed a player's injury and was chastised by Erberg. But the contrast also serves to emphasize Packer's air of expertise and McGuire's street-wise charm.

Although Packer and McGuire have the same basic job, they go about it in very different ways.

Packer comes across as the teacher, constantly describing and explaining what is happening on the court, in live action and in replays alike. McGuire is judgmental, letting everyone know what should be happening. Packer will tell you if the defense has changed, if the guard is posting up, if the center is blocking out. McGuire will tell you when a time-out is needed, or who is likely to take the next shot (in last January's Notre Dame-Maryland game, his prescience was uncanny). Together, they leave very little unnoticed, unsaid and undecided.

The two styles are also accurate reflections of their diverse interests. Packer is a basketball junkie, a man who snorts Xs and pops Os. McGuire was never a heavy user as a coach, and he has no intention of becoming one now. Off the air, while Packer is constantly in need of yet another basketball fix, McGuire would rather be off somewhere on his motorcycle. Come show time, Al will talk the way he coached: reading the flow, feeling the pace, reacting to the situation. Where Packer sees the players as pawns in a chess game, McGuire considers them actors in a psychodrama.

"I think Billy would love to be a coach," says McGuire. "I know he is more technical than I am. I couldn't explain a shuffle offense to anybody unless I faked it or prepared it in advance. What I say on the air is what I would do or think about as a coach. Sometimes,

though, my mind will wander a little. I'm strongest when the game is close and the clock is running down."

"Al looks at the game only through his own eyes," says Packer. "I'm trying to show a total perspective of both coaches. I'm concerned with who's winning and why. Al might make a call on instinct, and I might make the same one because I know what the team is trying to do on offense."

One of the qualities that make them so attractive is their willingness to disagree—with coaches, with officials and, most refreshingly, with each other. Let McGuire praise non-league teams, and Packer will speak up for conference members. If Packer likes to have three referees working a game, McGuire prefers two. When McGuire argued that untested Indiana State should be No. 1 in the polls, Packer derided the Sycamores' schedule. "I admire Al, but I'm not enamored by him," Packer says. "Some guy at home may say, 'Who the sleep is Billy Packer?' but I feel I have a valid point to make. If I were Al's assistant coach, he would probably fire me."

Fortunately, the two colleagues are able to be complementary even when they are not always complimentary. They love to poke fun at each other, as in February's UCLA-Notre Dame game when Packer hoped aloud that McGuire, a poor shooter as a player, was not going to attempt to advise the Bruins' Roy Hamilton how to sink one from the free-throw line. Later, in the course of another bit of play-by-play, McGuire grudgingly conceded that Packer had said "something absolutely right for a change."

NBC was absolutely right when it decided to bring the two together. But it was Packer who made the union work by recommending that McGuire sit with him at center court. For the first few games last year, NBC was spooked by the idea of three men on a mike and worried that Packer might be thrown off stride by a newcomer. They therefore installed McGuire in a separate booth, far removed from the action, watching the game on a monitor and pressing a button whenever he thought he had something to say. That, of course, was the worst possible place for a man who works by the seat of his pants. And Packer, ever the watchful analyst, realized this better than anyone. **END**

'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Pete Acosta

Peter Acosta
New York City, New York



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FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine. FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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This was the fight that wasn't

Some stubborn bureaucrats who could not agree embarrassed their sport and KO'd the Galindez-Rossman title bout



All Rossman got in was a little shiedowning

The first time Mike Rossman and Victor Galindez fought, five months ago in New Orleans, Galindez wound up losing on a technical knockout, the result of cuts. Last Saturday in Las Vegas, Rossman and Galindez both were TKO victims, stopped, in effect, by a telegram from Venezuela. Rossman was in town to defend the World Boxing Association light heavyweight championship he won from Galindez in the Superdome, but the fight never took place because the Nevada Athletic Commission refused to give in and allow WBA officials to officiate, rather than its own judges and referee.

At fight time the television cameras were ready, the champion was in the ring, the challenger was in his hotel room, and ABC, with Howard Cosell at the controls, was questioning whether the demise of boxing was at hand.

The trouble began when WBA President Mandry Galindez—no relation to the challenger—shipped in a corps of neutral officials to handle the fight. The WBA does this for mandatory title defenses—that is, bouts in which the champion is required to meet the No. 1 challenger rather than getting a pay day with some stiff. For the WBA it was a calculated power play. Only a month earlier Barney Shackson, the WBA counsel, had assured the Nevada commission that if it joined the world body, the WBA wouldn't object if the state used its own officials for the fight. "That in itself was extortion in its simplest terms," says Sig Rugech, a Nevada commissioner.

A few days before the fight Bob Shields, the Nevada commission chairman, called Shackson to ask if the WBA's promise still held. It did, Shackson assured him. The following afternoon, however, after a conversation with Tito Lectorre, the Argentine promoter who advises Victor Galindez, Bob Arum of Top Rank, which was promoting the fight, sensed a shift in the WBA's thinking. For one thing, Victor Galindez was not happy about fighting an American in the U.S. with four U.S. officials. More important, Lectorre indicated, Mandry Galindez was very sympathetic to the ex-champion's fears.

Arum called the WBA president at his home in Venezuela, and was told conditions had changed. Mandry Galindez, ignoring his pledge to Nevada, now wanted the usual complement of WBA neutral officials.

"You can't do that," Arum screamed into the telephone. "If you do, the fight is off."

But all was not lost, yet. In relays, Arum, Lectorre and Rodolfo Sabatini, an Arum associate from Italy, argued with Mandry Galindez, who finally offered a concession. The WBA president said he would be agreeable to a neutral referee, two neutral judges and a Nevada judge. The three neutrals would all be Latins.

"I think I can get that," Arum said, not without inner reservations.

Top Rank was playing for high stakes. ABC television was paying \$300,000 to carry the fight on its *Wide World of Sports*. And Caesars Palace, where the fight was to be staged, had plunked down another \$250,000 for the live gate and resulting publicity.

Out of that Rossman would be paid \$140,000; Galindez \$75,000. Another \$35,000 or so would be spent on the preliminary card. This left a neat profit after other operating expenses.

The commission met Friday night, voted to join the WBA as agreed upon, and then voted on the question of officials. The vote: 5-0, to use its own people. This was Nevada's power play.

Collecting Lectorre, Sabatini and Jimmy DePiano—Rossman's father as well as his manager—Arum rushed to his hotel suite and again called Mandry Galindez. Once more the WBA president agreed to let Nevada have its way. It was 2 a.m. the day of the fight. This time Mandry Galindez said that while he personally wouldn't approve the fight, he would give it WBA sanction. And that just as the fight would start a telegram from him would arrive in Vegas stating that the WBA would review the sanction, possibly lifting it. If it was lifted, the two fighters must meet again within 90 days. Such an agreement must be in writing and signed by DePiano and Lectorre before the Vegas fight, Mandry Galindez ordered. DePiano agreed.

continued



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with your order this official Olympic pin illustrated with the striking symbol of the 1980 Winter Games!

The telegram arrived at 7:30 a.m., about eight hours early. It was written in Spanish and addressed to Lectorre. And it stated that because of the differences over the officials there was no WBA sanction. Power play vs. power play.

Arum said that when the telegram was translated for him, he was left with the impression that it only restated the WBA position as it had been expressed to him earlier. But Victor Galindez needed no translator. When he read it, he said there would be no fight. Not unless neutral officials were used.

Nonetheless, he left his hotel room and arrived in his dressing room at 1:15, an hour before he was due in the ring. He asked about the officials.

"From Nevada," he was told.

"Then I don't fight," he said.

The word was quickly passed. A few moments later Sabatini offered Galindez \$25,000 out of his own pocket if he would agree to Nevada officials. The offer was refused.

Arum, who was outside the dressing rooms, looked at his watch. Thirty minutes to go. Sighing, he said to Galindez' adviser, "We'll get the TV people. You tell them what is happening."

The ABC people were gathered and informed of the impasse. They turned ashen.

"That's it," Arum said. "Out of business. You don't know the bath I'll take. I can't pay all of the damn bills."

DePhano shrugged at the news, saying, "If Galindez don't fight Rossman today he don't fight Rossman ever."

With 10 minutes to show time, Victor Galindez stormed from his dressing room and left the arena. "I don't need the money," he snarled. "I'm going home."

At 2:21, a minute after the fight was scheduled to start, Arum surrendered. Climbing into the ring, he told the crowd of some 4,000, 500 short of capacity, that there would be no fight and that tickets would be refunded. He bitterly blamed the Nevada commission.

Rossman was bitter, too. "I don't know when I want to fight again," he said. "It's not up to the athlete anymore. It's up to the guy who sits behind a desk, smokes a big cigar and drinks whiskey all night."

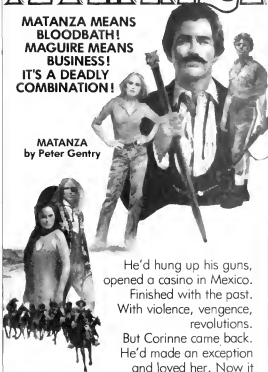
In boxing, however, wounds heal rapidly. The next day Arum, Lectorre and DePhano were deep in negotiations for the rematch at a new site, possibly on April 14. With all neutral officials, as dictated by the WBA, of course.

RND

MATANZA

**MATANZA MEANS
BLOODBATH!
MAGUIRE MEANS
BUSINESS!
IT'S A DEADLY
COMBINATION!**

**MATANZA
by Peter Gentry**



He'd hung up his guns,
opened a casino in Mexico.

Finished with the past.
With violence, vengeance,
revolutions.

But Corinne came back.
He'd made an exception
and loved her. Now it
might cost him his life.

And Fuentes came back. His eyepatch was
a souvenir from Maguire. And Fuentes
believed in an eye for an eye.

MAGUIRE: A hero you'll never forget.

MATANZA: An adventure you won't be able to put down.

A FAWCETT PAPERBACK \$2.25

I've always liked my son. He's a super kid; a bright, sensitive, good-natured person whom I respect a lot. When, at the age of 14, he passed me in height—I'm six feet—and kept going to 6' 9", I maintained my admiration, albeit with some degree of intimidation.

The breach in our relationship came last year when he was discovered by college basketball recruiters. While they pulled him in one direction, I pulled him in another. Family life went to pieces. The adjustments that had been made to divorce, remarriage, a working mother and frequent economic insecurity were pieces of cake compared with the trauma brought upon our house by basketball recruiting.

My 15-year-old daughter Karen developed a case of sibling jealousy unrivaled in family history. My husband and I battled constantly about one another's ignorance or arrogance, feminism or chauvinism and other issues that had lain dormant for most of our five-year marriage. Friends, relatives, co-workers, teachers, schoolmates, teammates—everybody got into the act as recruiting became the main issue in our lives. Even the dog was remembered in a letter from one coach.

This story does have a happy ending, however. My son, Tom Leifsen, is now a center at a major university. He's happy. His coaches are happy. I'm happy. For nearly a year

continued

The author, heretofore your basic laid-back mom, found herself turned into an uptight stage mother when college basketball coaches came around to pursue her son, the center

BY MARIAN LEIFSEN

A HOUSE DIVIDED

MANHATTAN COLLEGE

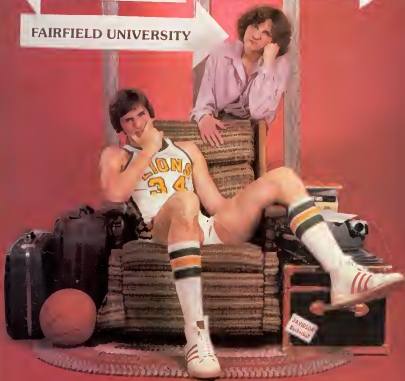
UNIVERSITY of PENNSYLVANIA

PRINCETON

VILLANOVA

DAVIDSON COLLEGE

FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY



field team is nicknamed the Stags, and it was often said to us that season, "The campus is in the grip of Stagmania."

Coaches' visits soon became routine. Recruiters sat on the couch. The coffee tray was placed on the table in front of them in an effort to protect the table from too much emphasis. Our Old English sheepdog, Sasha, a respected member of the household, sniffed the visitors and then sat at their feet until the talk put her to sleep. She sometimes snored.

Recruiters arrived with briefcases full

of brochures, clippings, schedules and four-color printed material. While we sipped coffee, they made their pitch. As they droned on, I began to see them as the Willy Lomars of the sports world: on the road much of the time, living in motels, hawking their product to strangers. I asked a few of them about this aspect of their jobs, but they never complained. "I enjoy it," was all they would say.

Few recruiters could hide their insecurity about the competition, and after asking Tom about the other schools that

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

it wasn't that way. Recruiting turned our household upside down.

You see, nobody in our family had ever been recruited for anything except the Army. We were accustomed to rejection and to struggling with our bootstraps. When colleges began competing for one of ours, we were naturally quite thrilled.

According to Bob O'Neill, Tom's coach at Longwood High School on Long Island, approximately 200 letters of inquiry about Tom came from schools in the East, South and Midwest. A college was rejected early in the game unless Tom was interested in its basketball and academic programs. About two dozen schools received serious thought, and when Tom was ready to make his decision, he was considering six colleges. I considered only two.

When recruiters began visiting our house, I was polite and objective, determined to be a good reflection on Tom. I offered coffee and cookies and listened attentively. I was aware that the object of the home visit was to win the parents, especially the mother.

I remember the first visit vividly because Fred Barakat of Fairfield University sat in a flea-market chair I had just repainted; when he left, there were blue stripes on the back of his blazer. He later told me he'd had to discard the jacket. I offered to pay for it, but he laughed and said, "Just send me your kid."

Barakat and his associate coach, Brendan Suhr, used a routine popular with cops who interrogate witnesses: one played the heavy, while the other followed up with gentle persuasion. Barakat frequently banged his fist on the table for emphasis. He asked us to turn off the stereo. Suhr mopped his sweaty brow and smiled while drinking Cokes. The Fair-



were recruiting him, they would invariably ask, "Did they tell you that you would play as a freshman?" Nobody had promised that, but most implied it.

The recruiters didn't attack the competition, but they wanted to be sure Tom knew all that was negative about the other schools. For example, Rolfe Missimino of Villanova described the dreariness of trekking up to Cornell in the winter, a required stop in the Ivy League. And the big-city coaches all made it sound as if Tom would disappear if he chose Davidson in North Carolina. "No one will hear of you again," one recruiter told Tom, "because The New York Times doesn't cover Davidson's games."

Recruiters seemed to get special delight out of telling tales about unscrupulous colleagues who offer new cars, television sets, vacations, even cash to boys and their families. Three times we heard the story of a Western university using Frank Sinatra to call up a prospect's mother and invite her out to dinner. Either because Tom wasn't quite a big enough catch or because the recruiters sensed we'd be incensed by illegal offers, he never received any. Or maybe we were just lucky enough to be desiring only with scrupulous men.

The only celebrities Tom heard from were politicians and professional basketball players boosting Davidson and Brown. J. Joseph Garrahy, Rhode Island's governor, wrote: "... your matriculation would be of great benefit to the Brown community, as well as the state of Rhode Island."

"I wonder how he knows that?" Tom asked as he ducked through the doorway and swaggered from the room.

On the academic side, recruiters might have done well to bring along a professor or two. Few knew how many of their graduates are accepted by graduate schools. They knew less about what courses of study were available. Tom, who is interested in marketing in general and consumer psychology in particular, was told by one recruiter, "CPAs are in demand now, and our accounting program is tops." Another thought Tom might like to be an engineer.

Three recruiters brought color slide shows with them but in each case had

trouble with the equipment. During one show the sound system didn't work; during the second, the projector wouldn't focus. A third slide presentation was hopelessly out of sequence.

When a recruiter talked about his school's career opportunities or about business contacts that could be made through alumni, he addressed my husband Allan. When he described his school's housing or food, he talked to me. Brian Mahoney of nearby Manhattan assured me that my son would come home often because he'd need a good meal and someone to do his laundry.

"Do you give scholarships for women's basketball?" I asked one unsuspecting recruiter, curious to know how colleges were complying with Title IX regulations. "Why?" he asked, looking startled. "Do you want to play basketball?" We were in a high school gym at the time, and a girls' team was warming up. I thought it remarkable that he missed the connection.

"Why must you reduce every issue to sexism?" Allan asked impatiently one evening following a recruiting visit. "You can't get these guys to change the world."

"Well, they could certainly keep up with it," I snapped. Allan—who is not Tom's father; I was divorced from Leonard Leifsen when Tom was eight years old—had developed a level of tolerance during our marriage, but it was straining. I knew he wished he could tip off the recruiters before they arrived. He retreated to the basement before I could get on my soap box. Tom already had his headphones plugged in. Later we heard a rumor that coaches had warned each other that I was "a tough mother."

Karen suffered a severe identity crisis during the recruiting siege. She was tired of being known as "Leifsen's sister" at school. She refused to sit in on any of the recruiting visits because, she said, "I can't stand everyone telling him how wonderful he is." The worst identity problem, however, was Allan's. He was called "Mr. Leifsen" by recruiters, though he was always introduced as Allan Eddy. He strongly favored Fairfield and Penn, and I think it's because they called him by his correct name.

My initial contact with Davidson occurred after a game at Tom's high school. The first thing Assistant Coach Tom Abatemarco said to me after introducing him-

self was, "We're going to pick Tom up in a helicopter." He was referring to Tom's upcoming visit to Davidson. I found myself staring at the fringe of hair around Abatemarco's forehead and wondering if he had cut it himself. I don't remember why I thought about that. Maybe it was because I didn't know what to say about the helicopter. I considered Davidson's recruiting style exploitative and silly, so I just walked away.

When Tom visited Davidson, he was, as promised, picked up by helicopter at the Charlotte airport. After a whirlwind tour, he was given a ground-level look at things in a white Rolls-Royce owned by Eddie Biedenbach, who had recently been named Davidson's head coach. Tom was ensconced in a campus guest house—he stayed in dorms at other colleges—and when he visited the locker room, he found two Davidson uniforms with his name on them. He was wined and dined at a restaurant called Big Daddy's and sent home with a head full of the glories of Southern living and color pictures of himself with the Rolls and the uniforms.

Shortly after Tom returned, Abatemarco and Biedenbach visited our house. Earlier, they had sent Tom a copy of the *Charlotte News*, from which I learned there had been six coaches at Davidson in the past seven years. I later heard that one of the coaches had entered the hospital with a nervous disorder, and another was fired. Biedenbach assured me that his job was secure and that he and his wife were planning to buy a house near the school. Biedenbach had earned a reputation as a high-pressure recruiter during his nine years as an assistant coach at North Carolina State.

All told, 42 letters, notes and Mailgrams poured in to Tom from Davidson. They contained such messages as: "It is the staff and people that care and love you that I think will make the final decision," and "You will probably be driving that Rolls before it's over, because you will be in a position to do so."

If Davidson's recruiting was heavy-handed, Princeton's was invisible. Assistant Coach Bob Dukiet called a few times, and I spotted him at a game one night as I scanned the audience looking for people wearing brown penny loafers, the trademark of the Ivy League.

When Pete Carril, Princeton's head

continued

Despite his big ordeal, Leifsen is no collage boy just yet. So far he has played only as a sub

coach, came to our house with Dukiet and a former basketball player, they brought no briefcase, no propaganda, no slide show. Dukiet wore pinstripes with his pennies this time, and Carril looked ruffled, which is his trademark. He handed us a four-inch newspaper article citing Princeton's undergraduate program as tops in the country. The trio sat stiffly on the couch and smiled. No thanks, they didn't care for any coffee.

"Do you have any questions?" Carril finally asked. We couldn't think of one right off. We were pretty well informed about Princeton. A conversation about basketball eventually got started, but the session didn't go well.

"I was glad when they got involved," Tom said, "but I was disappointed at their visit. I never got a sense they wanted me." Tom's stopover at Princeton was equally disappointing. On his last three college visits, he went straight from Vil-

lanova to Penn to Princeton, where Allan and I picked him up. Carril was annoyed that Tom had stayed an extra day at Penn, shortening his Princeton visit. "Tom couldn't look me in the eye when he got here," Carril told me, sensing Tom's disinterest in Princeton.

"I used to fantasize about going to Princeton and being another Bill Bradley," Tom said on the way home. The past tense dashed my hopes. Princeton had been my No. 1 choice.

Not that there was anything wrong with Penn. It's a fine school; it had been my second pick all along; and its coach, Boh Weinbauer, and his assistants not only remembered Allan's last name, but they also dealt with me as someone with genuine concern for my son's education. There was no frothy conversation specially designed for the old lady.

The recruiting efforts of Brown, another Ivy League school, were even more

quickly doomed than Princeton's. Gerry Alaimo, the Brown coach, drove down from Providence in a blizzard without benefit of galoshes or snow tires. While the storm raged, we ate tuna-fish sandwiches and talked about what a nice kid Tom was. Later, Alaimo dug his way out of our driveway and drove away. A few weeks later Alaimo quit Brown and disappeared. We suspected he was headed for the Caribbean.

When coaches were not visiting us, they were telephoning, the calls increasing in frequency as the April signing date neared.

"It's for me," Tom bellowed happily during the fall.

"Tell them I'm not home," he pleaded as the school year wore on. Sunday nights became especially tedious. Recruiters know it is the time families are usually home, relaxing with supper, watching television or perhaps reading. If Tom didn't happen to be around, they never failed to give their pitch to whoever answered the phone. If someone other than a recruiter did manage to get through, it usually turned out that the caller had phoned to find out how the recruiting was going.

By March and April signs of paranoia were evident. George Blinney of Holy Cross allegedly told New Hampshire's Gerry Friel that he knew for a fact Tom was not going to New Hampshire. Friel, justifiably upset, made a lot of phone calls. Somebody told Hofstra that Tom was going to Manhattan, so Hofstra dropped out of the race. Villanova's Massimino told Tom he was recruiting Clarence Tillman, a star forward from West Philadelphia High, as well as Tom, and whichever kid made up his mind first had the scholarship. Tillman ended up going to Kentucky. So much for ultimatums.

The pressure at home was worse. Each day I unearthed a new, favorable bit of data about the Ivies or a fresh horror about the South or a knock on Biedenbach. The more I pushed, the more Tom rebelled. "I'm tired of having the Ivy League shoved down my throat," he said.

"But, Tom, you have such potential. You deserve the best there is," I said. If Karen was in a reasonably stable state, Tom sought her help to "get Mom off my back." He often complained of his confusion about the choices confronting him. "They all sound so good," he said,

continued



Determined to leave no stone unturned, one recruiter wrote and asked to be remembered to Sasha.

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Photographed at Mont La Salle, the monastery and winery in the Napa Valley



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LEIPSIG

continued

"and I like so many of the coaches."

"I like New Hampshire," Karen said. "I'd be outdoors all the time, skiing."

We listed the advantages and disadvantages of each school's location, basketball program, courses of study, campus environment, publicity and record for getting its students into graduate school. When we ran out of things to compare, I said, "What about road trips? Isn't Princeton going to Hawaii?"

"I think in two years," Tom said. "Penn is going to New Orleans and San Diego."

"Ah," I replied, "you'll see a Pacific sunset. Where is Davidson going?"

"Indiana and New Mexico, I think."

"New Mexico? Yuck," I said. "It's full of rattlesnakes."

The pressure at school was nearly as bad. A social studies teacher was so convinced that Tom should go to Penn that he badgered him as much as I did. Tom developed a hostility for the teacher, and his marks began to drop. A mathematics teacher had a daughter at Davidson, and the school principal was a Manhattan alumnus.

Tom set Saturday, April 8 as the deadline for making his decision, so he could "get it over with" and allow the losers a chance to recruit someone else. The suspense was killing. So consumed were we as D day approached that we completely forgot my husband's birthday, which was April 6.

Penn's Weinbauer made a last-ditch attempt to nail Tom on April 7. He felt so confident when he left our house that he later admitted, "I was sure I had him." Manhattan made another try on Saturday morning; at noon, Tom left for a lunch date with Abotemarco.

"What'll I do if he picks Davidson?" I asked Bob O'Neill, who had come over to lend moral support. In addition to coaching, O'Neill also teaches psychology, and I thought I might get a 50-minute session on coping. "I think he'll pick Davidson," O'Neill said. "I got that feeling when he came back from his visit there. I'd like to see him go to Penn, but he'll be O.K. wherever he goes."

O'Neill had never told Tom of his own preference, and I admired his professionalism. I remembered how antagonistic I had once been toward O'Neill. When Tom was a sophomore and not yet an aggressive player, O'Neill had hollered

continued

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Once the sibling rival, Karen, a forward, is now rivaling her sibling as a hot-shot high schooler.

from the bench, "Stop playing like a girl." A reformed smoker, O'Neill would chew up as many as five packs of gum during a game. He chewed with such frenzy as the tension mounted that I watched in fascination as he shouted at the referees without choking. Gum wrappers littered the gym. I wondered if I'd ever learn to like or admire Biedenbach, as I now liked and admired O'Neill.

I started pacing when he left. The day was shot. The house was too quiet. I called my friend Linda Williams, who rushed right over with a quart of Amaretto and some heavy cream that we heated and poured into our coffee. We re-hashed the probabilities. Linda reminisced about her college days when she struggled to win one of the few academic scholarships available and still had to work at two jobs to get through. She recalled the football jocks who were given scholarships and brand new red converti-

bles, even though they couldn't read.

Karen came home. "Well, has he made up his silly mind yet?" she asked, and then she sat and drummed her fingers on the table while the dog sniffed around hoping somebody would drop a buttered muffin. By the time Tom arrived with his friend Gifford, Linda and I had polished off two pots of coffee and most of the Amaretto.

"Well, I've made my decision," Tom said. He was grinning. He allowed a long pause here so we could absorb the drama of the moment.

"Well, Mom . . . it's Davidson," Linda, who is barely five feet tall and always craning her neck in our house, jumped up when she saw my face and ran for the Amaretto. Except for the clatter at the stove, the room was silent. Karen reached over and slapped Tom's palm. Giff shuffled from one foot to the other. My face hurt, and a hard lump in

my throat was working its way to my jugular. When I could utter no words, Tom added quietly, "I'll be able to come home for Christmas." I put my head down on the table and cried. Linda poured the rest of the booze into my cup.

"Well, I still love you, Tom," I croaked. The dog started licking my toes. Tom and Giff went out to celebrate. When Allan got home from work, he looked at me and said, "Oh, no."

Most of the recruiters were already burning O'Neill's wires, hoping he would let the cat out of the bag. As Penn Assistant Bob Staak later told O'Neill, "We were trying to read your voice." When we finally let out the news later in the day, the losers were good sports about it, offering congratulations, expressing pleasure at having known Tom and asking calmly why they hadn't been chosen. Several let him know that he was still welcome at their school if he changed his mind. Dukiet was flabbergasted. Princeton, I believe, had considered Penn its only real competition. "Let me talk to your mother," Dukiet said after hearing Tom's decision.

"I can't believe it," he sputtered. "Davidson! I'm really surprised." He later asked me, "Where did Coach Carril go wrong?" I had no answers.

I cried that night. My "big bird," as Karen put it, was leaving the nest. I thought about this handsome kid who had lived with me every day for nearly 18 years. Life would indeed be different. My own rites of passage demanded recognition. I cried some more.

By Sunday the tears had stopped, and I was looking forward to normalcy. I apologized to Tom for my unreasonable behavior. I wouldn't be a sore loser. I told Tom that he was like a fine antique to me—the older he got the more valuable he became—and so I worried over him more. He forgave me.

Allan and I dragged out the atlas and traced a motor route to North Carolina. We would drive Tom and his worldly possessions to Davidson in September. I was determined to see with my own eyes this place where my son would live four years of his life.

The next morning we went to the high school to meet Biedenbach and Abatemarco and sign the scholarship letter. As soon as we pulled into the parking lot, Biedenbach rushed over to pump our

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LEIFSEN

continued

hands. I looked at him stonily, but he kept on bubbling. Abatemarco steered him into the building.

Most of Tom's friends squeezed into the principal's office for the big event, and Karen got out of class. Tom puffed up to his full height, the biggest man on campus. O'Neill was there, and one of the kids took pictures. Biedenbach seemed impressed by the show. After the signing, we went to the cafeteria for coffee. I was mumbling and not making much sense. Biedenbach asked me if I'd like to talk with his mother in Pittsburgh. I was confused but realized later that he thought his mother might be able to offer advice on easing the separation between mother and son. It was kind of him to offer. Tom went to class and O'Neill left, too. He said he had a class. I knew he needed a chewing-gum fix.

Biedenbach offered to get a summer job for Tom selling vacuum cleaners door to door. His father-in-law, he said, was an executive with Electrolux. "I think it's good experience for a young man," he said earnestly. Allan dragged me to the car before I could open my mouth.

We had peace at home for one day. Then Tom began having second thoughts about Davidson. "What?" I screamed. "I thought this was settled." I wasn't very helpful. Tom made some calls, and Davidson sent some more letters and a copy of his firm-up basketball schedule. Eventually, the doubts receded. "I just put the questions out of my mind," Tom admitted later. "I couldn't stand to think about them anymore." Instead, he got caught up in the fun of being a high school senior.

One day a package that rattled arrived from Davidson. The school had framed his scholarship letter and sent it in a plain brown wrapper. Tom managed to open the package without slashing his fingers on the broken glass. "Jeez," he said. I bit my tongue. By the end of June I had adjusted so well that I ordered his graduation cake with DAVIDSON, CLASS OF 1982 piped in icing.

After Tom graduated, we made plans to move from Long Island to New Jersey in the middle of August. Weekends and nights were spent packing and organizing a garage sale. Tom was working in New York City—he wasn't selling vacuum cleaners—three days a week and spending nights with a friend there.

continued



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■ Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

¹ Source: U.S. Dept. of Labor. ² Cost does not include land. Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce.

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STRIVING TO SERVE GOD

AND MAN

LEIPSIE

continued

In August the doubts about Davidson began again. "I started wondering about life in the South," he said. "I like working in New York, and Davidson is so far away. Who would ever see me play?"

At this time Abatemarco called to tell Tom that he was leaving his post at Davidson for personal reasons. He told Tom that he was too upset to talk about it on the phone, but would explain more when he came to Long Island. He hoped it wouldn't affect Tom's decision to go to Davidson. We found out shortly after the call that Abatemarco had accepted a job as assistant coach at St. John's. Biedenbach refused to divulge the reason for Abatemarco's departure. He called frequently, however, and if I picked up the phone, he tried to question me about Tom's feelings. I refused to discuss them.

Tom's friend Jim Scaffidi called one day. "I can't believe this," Scaffidi said. "Davidson just called and said I was accepted." Scaffidi had applied to Davidson post the application deadline and had been turned down.

"I'm no dummy," he said. "I know what they're trying to pull." He was indignant, and so were we. Biedenbach assured Tom it was merely coincidence, an opening had become available. In an effort to ease Tom's doubts, Biedenbach flew to New York to meet him for lunch. He also asked some New York alumni to telephone Tom at work. This drove his employer nuts.

Tom's indecision continued. I couldn't help him. We decided he would be better off talking things out with O'Neill, who could be impartial and rational.

The household was chaos. Allan was working in New Jersey and setting up our new apartment. Tom was away three days a week, but I could never remember which ones. I couldn't find enough boxes, and it had been over 90° for the past 10 days. Being upset about leaving a job I liked didn't help much, nor did the fact that I was breaking in my replacement. Karen couldn't find any of her clothes, and the guts of the coffee pot had gone to New Jersey. Phone messages got hopelessly scrambled.

Another hassle developed when Abatemarco called Tom one night and told him that I had lied to Biedenbach by denying that another college had heard of Tom's indecision and had come around to do some additional recruiting. Abate-

marco was probably right—I really don't know what I told Biedenbach. When Tom asked me about it, I wouldn't even talk about it. I told him I couldn't stand to be involved anymore.

"I don't remember being asked," I screamed. "I deny everything. I don't care if you join the Marines!" Tom stormed out of the house, and I burst into tears. Karen knew something was about to hit the fan, so she left, too. They sat out in the car for a while and then went to a neighbor's to call me up before coming home. Tom and I apologized to each other. The packed boxes in his room were still labeled NORTH CAROLINA.

Two days before we moved, I came home from work, slumped into a kitchen chair and leaned my elbows on the table. Tom hovered around the room like a helicopter. His friend Giff sat at the table, eyes wide, wondering why he was going through this again.

"I've decided not to go to Davidson," Tom said.

"O.K.," I said without looking up. There was a pause. Did he think he was announcing an Academy Award?

"I'm going to the University of Pennsylvania," he said, increasing his volume slightly. I continued to gaze at the checkered tablecloth. I was thinking about the irony of it. I couldn't get glad. It was too late. We'd been through too much. I felt guilty about all the pressure I had imposed in the name of love. Who was I kidding? I was pushy, a stage mother, forcing on my son my own aspirations for the Great American Dream. Without looking at him, really too tired to raise my head that high, I asked, "Are you sure this is what you want and not what you think I want?"

"Yes," he said. This time he answered without the symphony backup. The semester was to begin in less than three weeks. I thought, this has to be the final decision. We got on with the evening's activities, and Tom chatted about Penn.

"You know, Penn's Wharton is the best undergraduate business school in the country," he said at one point.

"No kidding," I said with a straight face.

P.S. A few weeks ago Karen got her first notices as a high-scoring forward on the Millburn High team. I shudder to think this may all happen again.

END



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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in *Sports Illustrated*, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

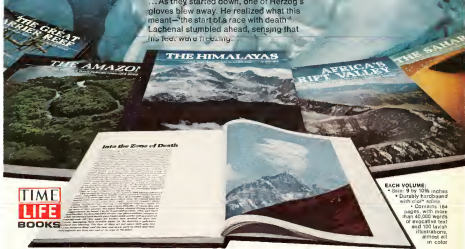
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NO PLAYOFF GAME WAS EVER AS FOULED UP AS SYRACUSE VS. BOSTON IN 1953

Quadruple overtime, 106 personal fouls, players fighting players, players fighting the police. The winning team shot 41% from the floor but sank 37 straight free throws. One player scored seven points in the first half but ended up with 50. When it was all over, 12 players had fouled out, two had been thrown out and the hometown P.R. man nearly passed out.

This wild game was the second and deciding contest in the first-round playoffs following the 1952-53 NBA season for Red Auerbach's Boston Celtics. Back then, the Celtics had to scramble for playoff berths just like everyone else, and in this game Boston and archrival Syracuse were battling for the right to meet the Eastern champion Knicks.

The heated rivalry centered around Boston's Bob Cousy and Syracuse's Paul Seymour. Auerbach recalls that Seymour always "played it rough" with Cousy despite the coach's loud protests. "I warned everybody—Syracuse, the league, the press—if Seymour kept it up, we would just have to 'do unto others,'" says Auerbach.

In the early '50s, strategic fouls were part of every team's defensive strategy. In certain situations, when your man crossed the midcourt line, you fouled him. He got only one shot, and even if it went in, you got the ball and a chance for a field goal. But not all fouls were strategic. Some of them were manifestations of the rough play characteristic of the era. "Today players normally try to avoid fights," says Cousy. "Why risk getting hurt and jeopardizing a fat, long-term contract? Second, because of the Players' Association and the anti-management stance that has developed with the advent of agents, the players view each other as colleagues, not as enemies."

Such was not the case on March 21, 1953, when the Celtics and the Nationals met in crowded Boston Garden. Syracuse quickly ran off to an 8-0 lead, but Boston went in front 22-21 at the end of the first quarter when Cousy threw in a 30-footer

at the buzzer. Seymour, as expected, had been all over Cousy, so Auerbach put burly Bob Brannum into the lineup to do the same unto Syracuse's big gun, Dolph Schayes. At 3:47 of the second period, Round 1 began. After mutual elbowing and shoving, Schayes and Brannum squared off and threw enough punches to get whistled out of the game. When Boston policemen charged onto the court to break up the brawl, Round 2 began. Syracuse's Billy Gabor took exception to police interference and mixed it up with the cops. After five minutes the melee subsided and the game continued—but so did the roughness. While there weren't any fights, lots of fouls were called on both teams—lots of fouls.

At the half Boston trailed 42-40. The Celtics led 62-59 at the end of the third period and, as regulation time ran out, Boston trailed 77-76. But Cousy had been fouled at the buzzer. He converted the free throw, and the game went into overtime. In the first of the four extra periods, Cousy scored six of Boston's nine points, but Syracuse kept pace. "The strategy was to get the ball to Cousy," recalls Auerbach. "If they fouled him, fine. Five of their guys had fouled out. One had been ejected. And of the five guys they had on the floor, three had six or more personals. The only reason they

public-relations man, Howie McHugh, was stretched on the floor, overcome by excitement. Cousy has called it "perhaps the most dramatic game I've ever played."

The second overtime ended with the score 90-90. The Celtics were also down to five men as the third overtime began, and four of those already had five fouls. With only 18 seconds left in the period, the Celtics trailed 97-95. Cousy was fouled and sank two free throws—the foul shot and the tech—to tie the score. Syracuse then threw in a basket. Boston took a time-out with three seconds left. The ball was inbounded to Cousy; he tried a 25-foot push shot and it went in. It was 99-all. Quadruple overtime.

In the fourth extra period Chuck Cooper of Boston picked up his sixth personal. Syracuse would now get two free throws every time Cooper committed a non-shooting foul. Cooper's sixth personal seemed to revive Syracuse. The Nats rang up five straight points and quickly it was 104-99 Syracuse with 3:30 left. But Cousy drew another foul, made the free throw, tipped in a missed shot seconds later, stole a National pass and scored on a left-handed backhand layup—104-104. With 2:32 left, Boston's John Munnien sank a free throw. Kenny Rollins did the same. Boston was up by two, 106-104. For Syracuse the game was out of reach. Final score, 111-105.

The list of records set in this one game is spectacular. Cousy ended up with 50 points, breaking George Mikan's playoff mark of 47 and Ed Macauley's Garden record of 46. His 30-for-32 performance from the line still stands as a record for either a playoff or a regular-season game. At one point in overtime, Cousy sank 18 straight. Twelve men had fouled out: seven for Syracuse, five for Boston. Another record. The 106 personals were the most ever in a playoff game. The teams also set records for free-throw attempts (128) and free throws made (108) that are still in the books. Boston's record of 57 conversions will probably never be broken, given the current rules.

Though the Celtics went on to drop three out of four to the Knicks in the semifinals, it was anticlimactic. The 1952-53 season was the first time Boston had ever made it past the opening round, and of course there was always next year. And the next. It was an auspicious beginning for the Celtic dynasty.



were in the game was that the rules won't let you play with fewer than five men. If one of those three fouled Cousy, it was an automatic technical—a two-shot."

When the game went into overtime No. 2, Boston owner Walter Brown left his box to have coffee in his office. He couldn't take the pressure any longer. His

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 19-26

[illegible]

BOATING—WILLIAMS, skippered by Dennis Conner, won the overall championship of the SORC series. TENACKOUS, with Ted Turner at the helm, won the Murray-Nassau race, and BULLSHUN, skippered by Bob Taylor, won the Nassau Cup, the sixth and final race of the series.

BOWLING—CLIFF McNEALY defeated Earl Anthony 11-7-199 to win the \$70,000 Cleveland Open.

GOLF—LASHNY WADKINGS shot a final round 99 for an eight-under par 275 to win the \$250,000 Los Angeles Open by one stroke over Lon Hinkle.

HOCKEY—NHL Right Wing Mike Bossy set one league record and tied another as the Patrick Stars' lone league MVP. Islanders won all three of their games. In an 8-3 rout of Los Angeles, Bossy—who was playing in his 179th NHL game—scored his 100th career goal to break Maurice Richard's mark of 100 goals in his first 134 games. Then in a 3-1 defeat of Detroit, Bossy passed Bobby Hull and Andy Bathgate as the only modern players to net goals in 10 consecutive games as he scored No. 41.

and Stroh's season. Meanwhile, Buffalo's Dave Schultz established a record of furious destruction. During a 2-1 loss to Smyth, Division leader Chicago's Schultz also had tied the NHL in penalty minutes four of the last six games, was penalized 35 minutes to be credited the career leader that can carry with 2,311. This year's highly talented Minnesota's outburst, which at 14 by a score of 3-1, but the next night the Canadiens, who were a 10-point lead in the Norris Division, "rocked the Pats" plans 12-0. Guy Lapointe had five shots, and every Canadian on the ice except Gabe Michel. Lapointe had at least one point. Paced by Pat McNally's two goals and three shots, Adams Division leader Boston beat Colorado 5-1 for its first win on four starts.

WHA. Relying on a balanced attack, Edmonton crossed its way to winning streak to 80 games and took over first place for the first time in its seven-year history. One of its three outcores was an 8-2-2 record of second-place New England. In that game, Steve Carbon had two goals and an assist, and Wayne Gretzky four assists. Quebec won three of four and moved into a tie for third with Winnipeg, which dropped three of four. The Nordiques, hosts New England 6-4 as Jan Corne got his third shutout of the season, and René Cloutier, who leads the league in goals, with 30, scored twice.

HORSE RACING—SPECTACULAR BID (6/20) Rosee Franklin ap. won the \$39,800 Fountain of Youth Stakes at Gulfstream by 8½ lengths over Lot o' Gold. The 3-year-old covered the 1 1/8 miles in 1:40½.

SWIMMING—TRACEY WICKHAM of Australia broke the women's world record for 1,500 meters in Perth. Her time of 56:06.63 was 8.10 seconds faster than the mark she set in 1978.

FINISH—JIMMY CONNORS beat Virat Kohli 6-5, 6-0, 6-4 to win a \$100,000 WCT event in Puerto Rico.

WENDY TURNBULL defeated Virginia Ruessci 7-6 (6-6), 7-6 in the final of the \$100,000 Asan Classic.

WOITEK, FIBAK beat Victor Ampey 6-4, 6-1 to win a \$175,000 Grand Prix tournament in Denver.

TRACK & FIELD—Sixteen-year-old CANDY YOUNG broke the women's world indoor record for the 40-yard hurdles at the AAU National Indoor Championships in New York City. Her time of 7.50 was .01 of a second faster than the mark set last year by Dely LaPlante. At the same meet, EVELYN ASHFORD broke the women's world indoor record for the 60-yard dash with

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ANDREA MATAY of Hungary jumps the women's world indoor record for the high jump in Budapest. Her leap of 6' 6" was a touch under a square meter above the mark she shared with Rousouli Jalkanen of Finland, Germany and Gao Songmei of Iran.

THOMAS MUNKITT of East Germany broke the world indoor record for the 60-meter hurdles at the Italian Indoor Championships in Verona. His time of 27.99 was 1/10 of a second better than the mark he shared with Rinaldo Ossola. In the same meet Crochevskas of KAREL KIDAR broke the world indoor 100, and for 400 meters with a time of 46.20. 17 of a second lower than the mark set by Luciano Sestini of Yugoslavia in 1974. and NATALLIA MARACISCU of Romania was the 1,500 at 4:03.5 to knock by half a second the western world indoor record set by her sister.

REPORTS—CENSURED By NASCAR DONNIE ALLISON for jumping Cale Yarborough on the final lap of the Daytona 500 when they were running first and second, respectively. Because of the incidents, which ended in both cars crashing, Allison was put on NASCAR's probation and fined \$5,000. Yarborough and Allison's brother, Bobby, also were fined \$4,000 for a helmet-swinging fight that was brought on by the start.

Hired: As coach of the New York Giants, RAY PERKINS, 37 former All America receiver at Alabama and for the past season offensive coordinator of the San Diego Chargers.

TRADED By the Chicago Cubs, second baseman **MANNY TRILLO**, a .361 hitter last season. Outfielder **GREG GROSS**, who batted .265, and Catcher **DAVE RADER**, who hit .203, to the Philadelphia Phillies for Outfielder **JERRY MARTIN** (.210), Catcher **BARRY FOOTE** (.194). Second baseman **TED SIZEMORE**, a .209 and two major league pitches.

GREG HOWARD SCHENKEN, 75, considered by many experts to have been the world's best bridge player of a brand name, in Palm Springs, Calif. He won virtually every bridge honor in his five-decade career.

CREDITS

4.—Lane Stewart 12, 93.—John Mazzaretti 12 95.—
Waller Jones Jr 20.—Lane Stewart Regt John Adams
25, 92.—John Adams 46.—Jerry Wagner 52.—Hil
Stewart 54.—John Adams 79.—Mar Smith 1481 Regt
79. Dayton Journal Herald

FACES IN THE CROWD

DARYL HOPEMAN
San Diego, CA

Daryl "a b l" senior guard at De LaSalle High who scored 22 a game this season, made 126 consecutive free throws in competition to break the national high school record by 59 and the pro and college records by 66 and 61 respectively.



BETTY CORRIGAN
WALL STREET

Corrigan, 41, a dental hygienist, bowled the highest three-game series ever in women's sanctioned competition. Her 824, which included games of 256, 269 and 299 and 21 straight strikes, surpassed the old record by six pins.



ANTHONY CALDERAIO
Soc. & Econ. Sci.

Anthony, a 125-pound senior wrestler at Bacon High, finished the regular season with a 19-0 record to become the first schoolboy in the country to go undefeated in dual matches for four consecutive years in four different weight classes.

PAH CAMPBELL
Campbell, PA, USA

Para, the only girl in the field of 43, defeated all five of her opponents to win the novice division of the state high school chess championships in Nashville. A Cumberland County High sophomore, she also is the first girl to win the title.



CORY CARLSON
Hollywood, Minn.

Cory, 18, who three years ago became the youngest skier to win his state's high school slalom title, took five of six events in the Cindy Nelson Cup in Lutsen, Minn. He later finished third in the slalom at the USSA Nor-Am event in Vail, Colo.

PEARL MOORE
Journal of Management Education 26(1)

Moore, a three-time All-America at Francis Marion College, is the most prolific scorer ever in women's college basketball, with 3,098 points, 699 more than the previous high. She also holds the women's single-game scoring record of 60.

WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shutter simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an aperture-priority camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the

shutter speed automatically.

Thus way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a shutter-priority camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic cameras. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers all the creative flexibility of both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority

operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T camera.





Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under- or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder? You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash? An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most

unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering"

insures smooth, effortless operation. Are extra features important? If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get: multiple exposures with pushbutton ease



(even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

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Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive,

Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.

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POSTMORTEMS

Sir,

Was the article *Run Over by the Big Red MacLane* (Feb. 19) about the Soviet-NHL Challenge Cup written by E. M. Swift or by E. M. Swiftski? Granted, the USSR won the series and whipped the NHL All-Stars in the third game, but did he have to praise the Soviets so much? Swiftski made them seem arrogant and the NHL seem like dirt when the situation was not all that horrendous. This was the Soviet National Team, which has practiced and played together a lot longer than the NHL squad.

NEAL BOUDETTE
Pompton Plains, N.J.

Sir,

Give the Stanley Cup to the Soviets? Is E. M. Swift kidding? Let the Soviet National Team play a series against the Canadiens or the Bruins and see who wins. You can't put a team together in a couple of weeks and expect it to play as well as a team that has played together for months.

PAUL LUBERTAZZI
Nutley, N.J.

Sir,

Why not let the Soviets compete in the NHL for a year before giving them the Stanley Cup?

BRYAN S. MATHEW
Amford, Colo.

Sir,

After viewing Game 3 of the Challenge Cup, I came to the conclusion that the powers of the NHL and of North American hockey in general may want to take a serious look at the style of hockey the Soviets displayed. They clearly showed that you don't have to half-kill the opposing team by overchecking, fighting and roughhousing to win games and make the sport exciting.

The Canadians may have invented the game, but it appears the Soviets have perfected it.

E. A. JOSEPH
Leedsdale, Pa.

• See page 20 —ED

MOSES MALONE

Sir,

The article on Moses Malone by Frank Deford (*Bounding into Prominence*, Feb. 19) is one of the best I have ever read in your magazine. It shows how much Moses is misunderstood by the general public. But being a native Texan makes me proud, and I am sure most Texans do not appreciate Deford's referring to Houston as a "booming, sprawling, crawling, ugly city," or even as a "gumdrop

city." Otherwise, it was a well-deserved article on the best center in the NBA.

DOUG BAKER
Houston

Sir,

I highly enjoyed Frank Deford's article on Moses Malone. I'm sure that many of your readers were touched by this gentle giant, as I was. But let us hope that Malone always stays grateful for what he has and wisely uses the power that comes with money.

BRIAN SCHERMAN
Eire Williston, N.Y.

Sir,

The article on Houston's Moses Malone is the most beautiful account of the life and career of an athlete that I have ever read. He is a superstar in every sense of the word.

In my opinion, the only low point of the article was Frank Deford's statement about Rudy Tomjanovich's being sucker-punched. It seems that because Rudy T. was the one who received extensive injuries instead of Kermit Washington, Washington automatically comes off as the bad guy.

As far as Washington knew at the time, Tomjanovich was coming across the court to break his face open, and all Washington did was beat him to the punch. That is called self-defense, not sucker-punching.

SHARON TIFLER
Jackson, Miss.

Sir,

Frank Deford calls Moses Malone "the first to make a name in the craft of offensive rebounding." Come on! Remember ex-Celtic and now Seattle SuperSonics Paul Silas?

JOE SZAREK
Manchester, N.H.

LORDS OF THE POOL

Sir,

What a magnificent article on the Kenyon College swimmer in *It's a Real Campus Haunt*, Feb. 19. The two paragraphs on Tom Edwards, Kenyon coach from 1955 through 1964, characterized him as "a skilled technician." Tom was also a skilled swimmer. What you failed to mention and may not even know is that every year near the end of the season Tom would challenge anyone and everyone on the team to a 25-yard sprint in the pool. During my four years at Kenyon he was never defeated. Edwards truly reflects the spirit of Kenyon College swimming.

GRANT A. MASON JR., M.D.
Co-Captain

1958-59 Kenyon Swimming Team
Cameron, Ohio

Sir,

As a Kenyon College alumnus (class of

'76), I was pleased to see our swimmers and swimming tradition finally get their due. As a former student-photographer, let me congratulate Heinz Klutmeier on his photographs. In addition to the drawbacks of Shafter Pool that were mentioned, it is almost impossible to photograph in there on a cold day because the condensation coats one's lenses with a fine mist. In four years I shot many a team picture out of doors.

JIM FRANK
New York City

Sir,

Concerning Kenyon's 26-year dominance of the Ohio Athletic Conference in swimming, your readers may be interested to know that Kalamazoo College has won or shared 40 consecutive Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association tennis championships since 1936 (there was an interruption during the war years). Thirty-nine of those championships were won outright, and the only shared title dates back to 1962.

Even more amazing is Kalamazoo's dual-meet record against MIAA tennis teams since 1936. The Hornets are currently on a 95-meet winning streak against league competition, and since 1936 they have a 290-1 record. Kalamazoo is the defending NCAA Division III tennis champion.

THOMAS L. RENNEN
MIAA Publicist
Holland, Mich.

SULLIVAN AWARDS

Sir,

Is swimming really overrepresented among Sullivan Award winners (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 19)? In terms of numbers of athletes involved, it probably ranks at or near the top among amateur sports in this country.

Why haven't the names of Tony Dorsett, Earl Campbell, John McEnroe, Nancy Lopez or Tracy Austin been among the 10 finalists? Perhaps it was because they had already received ample recognition and could look forward to receiving awards such as the Heisman (with all the associated hoopla) and annual paychecks in the six-digit range. How can the AAU give an award for amateur athletes to athletes who'll be paid more money the next year than the President of the United States? The 1978 winner, Tracy Caulkins, is and probably always will be purely amateur; there's no pot of gold on her horizon.

STUART COLLINS
Memphis

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A new, snappy 1.4 litre engine. Our GLC for '79 has a bigger 4-cylinder engine. It's quiet,

it's efficient, and more powerful than ever.

A hatchback that's more than a hatchback. The GLC is a roomy, versatile hatchback and then some. Because the rear seat folds completely down. And for even more versatility, you can fold down just half of it.

GLC sets high standards in standard features. The GLC

gives you a lot of great standard features that add up to a lot of great GLC value. Some examples: Power-assisted front disc brakes. Comfortable

reclining front bucket seats. New automatic choke. Styled steel wheels, 4-speed. Electric rear window defroster. And wall-to-wall carpeting.

3-speed automatic or 5-speed manual is available at extra cost on most GLC models.

So get an economy car that offers more than just economy. Look at the well-engineered, beautiful '79 Mazda GLC. It's not a lot of money. But it sure is a lot of Mazda.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price (slightly higher in California). Actual prices established by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length.

Mazda's rotary engine featured by NSU-ANAKEL.



mazda

**The more you look,
the more you like.**

Based on latest U.S. Government Report:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks
down in tar. Look at the latest
U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cg.	nicotine mg./100g.
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Vantage	11	0.8
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Ment	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05



Less
than
1 mg.
tar.

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box. Less than 0.5 mg. tar,
0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Carlton.
Filter & Menthol
The lighter
100's.



Only
5 mg.
tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine,
Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mm. 5 mg.
"tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.